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A Journal for the Sportsmen of To-Day.

VOL. II. NO. 1.
179 E. Madison Street.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

Subscription:
\$4.00 PER YEAR.

"THE FIELD,"

A Journal for the Sportsmen of To-day.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

179 East Madison Street, Chicago.

Terms of Subscription:

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Yearly, \$4.00; Half-yearly, \$2.00. Foreign and Canadian Subscription, post free—Yearly, 18s.; Half-yearly, 9s. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE FIELD is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—Shooting, Fishing, Racing and Trotting, Yachting and Rowing, Base Ball, Cricket, Billiards, and General Sporting News, Music and the Drama.

THE FIELD will be found in keeping with the times on all subjects pertaining to honorable sport, and will, under no circumstances, admit to its columns anything tending in anywise to demoralize or degrade public sentiment.

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DOGS LOST!

A WHITE SETTER DOG,

tall and rather light built, dark eyes, nearly pure white, except a few small red spots on one ear, age about 7 years, answered to the name of "York." Also,

A DARK BROWN SETTER DOG, no white, except small white specks on breast, large head, dark eyes, square muzzle, about 5 years old, answered to the name of "Jicks."

Both the above dogs were probably taken from the city, and may have been sold or offered for sale in the country, or in other towns. Any information concerning either of them will be appropriately acknowledged at the office of "The Field," Chicago.



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The Official Organ of the Illinois and Tennessee State Sportsmen's Associations.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Twelve lines and under, 20 cents per line; each additional line, 15 cents. When advertisements are inserted one month a discount will be made.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We require the name and address of the writer with each communication. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will receive no attention.

All communications intended for THE FIELD must be addressed to "The Editor," 179 East Madison Street, and not privately to any person who may be known in connection with the paper.

COL. R. H.—The article is accepted, and will appear in our columns.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

It is usual to begin a new book with a preface,—and sometimes the preface is the only good chapter in the book. When the FIELD AND STREAM was projected, but little more than six months ago, we, following the established rule, made our editorial bow to the public, and gave to the world the first chapters of our first volume. Whether or not we have fulfilled the promises made in our preface, we leave to the decision of a public which has hitherto been but too generous in its criticisms.

To the work already accomplished by THE FIELD AND STREAM, we deem it unnecessary to more than refer. Convinced that unless more effectually protected during the breeding seasons, the game and fish of the West would soon be comparatively exterminated, we took an advanced position on this important question, and called upon the sportsmen of the West and South to organize State Associations, for the purpose of securing legislation necessary to this end, and of rigidly enforcing such laws as were or might be enacted.

The result of these persistent appeals to the better judgment of the sportsmen, is apparent in the many new State Associations and local clubs organized throughout the West and South, during the past six months, and we point to the record of THE FIELD AND STREAM, confident that our promises to the public have been fulfilled. That it is what we assured the public it should be, a gentleman's paper, is proven by the fact that our warmest friends and supporters are gentlemen, and our correspondents are many of them gentlemen and ladies of the highest culture and social position.

In entering upon a second volume we have only to say that our past shall be an earnest for our future,—and, grateful to our many friends to whom we are so deeply indebted, we shall endeavor to improve THE FIELD with each succeeding week, and to make it even more worthy the position it occupies as the western representative of honorable sportsmanship.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

In this week's issue we devote considerable space to Yachting and Rowing, and shall in future make this a feature of THE FIELD.

Yachting is one of the most, if not the most healthful and invigorating sport in a long catalogue.

What can be more pleasant and exciting than to sit in the stern sheets of a fast, handsomely built and finished yacht, with one hand grasping the tiller, keeping her just "full," one eye cast aloft at the swelling canvas, and the other ahead to leeward, on the lookout for vessels, and other obstacles.

Where can we find a more beautiful sight, than that of a yacht under full sail: main sail, jib, jib-top-sail, gaff-topsail, all "bellied" out with the wind, the water foaming before her bows, and rushing by to leeward. How exhilarating to feel the strong, fresh wind blowing against your cheeks, and how proud you feel when your boat comes in ahead in a regatta!

It has always seemed strange to us, that with all the natural advantages which the West has, (the great Lakes we mean), there has never seemed to be a great deal of enthusiasm shown in this sport.

There are few yachts here—let their owners meet at some future time and organize a club. They shall have our support and assistance in the organization of such a club, and our columns are open for the reports of meetings and regattas. There seems to be much more interest shown by western men in rowing than in yachting, and while we wish to see even more interest taken in this branch of aquatic sport, we desire more especially to see yachting to the fore.

We are told that one great reason for the want of yachting enterprise on the Lakes is the fact that violent squalls are apt to arise with scarcely a moment's notice, and that this fact deters many from joining in the sport.

We have been out in yachts, a long way from any land, with light sails all set, and have had heavy squalls come down on us like lightning, causing the yacht to lay over fearfully, but have never been capsized, and should as soon think of not riding on the cars, because there are accidents, as to forego the pleasure of sailing because some careless person has been drowned.

We hope that not far in the future, the waters of Lake Michigan will be so thickly dotted with the white sails of yachts, that an eastern man coming to Chicago, and seeing the lake, will imagine himself at Boston or New York. In our opinion, two-thirds of the accidents which happen to yachts are the results of carelessness in the management of the boat, or because the person in command does not understand the business. We will quote one instance of the latter, which occurred in Boston,—no accident happened, but there might have been one, and it would have been another chance for the papers to croak about the "dangers of the deep." A man hired a yacht at "The Dew Drop Inn," (suggestive name), City Point, South Boston, and started out from the wharf. After getting a short distance out, it was noticed that the boat acted very strangely, flying up into the wind, and then falling off very suddenly, and on looking closely, it was seen that the man did not have hold of the tiller at all, and evidently did not know what to do. One of the boat-keepers sung out to him to "keep the tiller up," but he looked, and made no motion to grasp it; then they shouted to him to "take hold of the rudder," as he evidently did not understand what the "tiller" was, but the rudder was to him a word without meaning. Finally they told him to "take hold of that stick in the back of the boat, and turn it to the right side," which he did, and brought the boat to the wharf again, where he was ordered out lively. Now, because such ignoramuses will persist in going to sail alone, shall others who do "know the ropes" be deterred from indulging in the sport? Because a man shoots himself from carelessness in handling his gun, it does not follow that others should be kept out of the field.

We trust that the yacht owners of this city will begin at once to move in this matter, and evince some of the enterprise for which the shooting men of the West are so famous, and that ere the close of the season we shall have a live yacht club in Chicago.

Speak out gentlemen. Let us hear from you.

MR. FRED POND, who so ably represented THE FIELD AND STREAM at the Portage City Convention, last Tuesday, kindly gives us an invitation to spend a few days duck shooting, in September, with himself and friends. Should the duties of the hour permit, we shall be only too happy to accept.

WOODCOCK AND BLACK BASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM.—Sugar River is one of those clear, rapid streams, noted in Illinois, whose numerous riffles and shady pools teem with that well-known game fish, the Black Bass. Fringed along with thick clusters of oak, with here and there a steep hill-side dotted with monarchs of the forest sufficient to preserve a dense and cool shade the entire day. Along the stream can be found, at no great distance apart, little bayous and sloughs closely surrounded with willows and dense brush; here was where the woodcock raised its brood, and waited for the sportsman and his dog. It was at this place that my friend A. and myself found ourselves one afternoon shortly after the glorious 4th. We were put down at one of the most picturesque places imaginable, for camping. With a large waterproof tent, containing beds, and a large provision chest containing tea, coffee, sugar, &c. (a few necessities.) A light rowing boat tied at the banks of the river, and lying at our sides were our light fowling pieces and jointed rods, with those famous setters, Belle and Joe, capering along the banks. At evening we have the tent up, everything in order, and the cook busily engaged preparing supper. During the morning I succeed in getting enough woodcock for us; which when fried to a brown, together with some scrambled eggs, milk, tea, &c., composed our first meal in the woods. After a lively game of euchre, and a little gun cleaning, we close the tent on all intruding mosquitos, and tumble on our soft bed of blankets, where we lay planning the campaign for the morrow, till tardy Morpheus comes and carries us away into dreamland, from whence we awake in the morning refreshed beyond all expectations, breathing the cool morning air, when it suddenly occurs to us, that the larder is lacking some things necessary for a good breakfast. Acting on the impulse of the moment, we snatch our rods, cross the stream, and going down to a bend in the river, where a cluster of trees overhang the water, we cast our lines, baited with live grasshoppers that struggle jumping along the water, forming one of the most alluring baits known for these game fish. I hear a splash, and turning, see the dying ripples made in an attempt to take some stray fly. I dropped my grasshopper on the spot, and was about pulling it across, when suddenly the line cuts swiftly through the water, carried by a strong and game fish. After a good play, I land a ten pounder, and the sport commences in earnest; in a few minutes we have each a fine mess, and turn our faces toward camp: what a picture! The white sides of the tent glancing through the trees in the morning sunlight; the smoke from the camp fire curling in graceful circles through the leafy branches. The few rods of open, green sward in front of the camp bounded by the bright waters of the river, rapidly flowing in its course, and look at the white and black setters stretched out in front of the tent enjoying the morning sun. As we approach, the fragrant aroma of sweet, boiling coffees reaches us, delightful in the morning atmosphere. Presently we have three nice black bass in the frying pan almost before they are done their struggling; then breakfast, and was anything ever nicer, done to a turn, coffee and cream, bread and butter, fried black bass, and fried potatoes, sliced; simple, but tempting; fresh and clean, spread on white linen on an improved table, under the shade of close, overhanging boughs. Before the morning sun grows hot, we take a delicious and invigorating bath off the sandy bottom that we discovered immediately in front of the camp. This concluded, A. and myself take a turn at the woodcock, accompanied by Belle and Joe, eager yet obedient. Within a few rods of our tent we enter a thicket, the middle of which is filled with grass and lily pads, the bottom the thickest of soft mud, the happiest home of *philohila minor*. It is early yet, and we expect to find the birds well out on their feeding ground. The slough being of such a size that we could easily reach either side with our number 9 shot, we take standing position; A., a commanding view on one side, while I occupy the other, and in go the dogs, when *flip, flip*, go a brace from the other side of the pond, just in front of A., who takes them both on the right, in fine style; presently I have the satisfaction of seeing Belle stand a few paces off, and stepping, I get a single shot. Loaded, I command Belle to retrieve, when up jumps another who is suddenly cut down in his whistling flight. We succeed in flushing another brace, when we leave the pond with five birds bagged. We proceed a short distance to a similar place; when, by the aid of the dogs, which worked to perfection, we bagged two more brace, making nine birds in all, with which we returned to camp, having been gone less than an hour. We find everything in order, and after having put our birds on the ice, we take a noonday nap, most acceptable it is too. Did I say we put our birds on ice? Yes; and a good piece of forethought it was too. We prepared a large wooden box, and packed a 50lb cake well with sawdust, after reaching camp we placed the box in an excavation, made in the damp earth, in the banks, and thus we were provided with cellar, refrigerator and ice at once, from which we derived much satisfaction, keeping, as it did, our game, fish, butter, &c., cool, as well as being able to have an iced lemonade in the heat of the day to relieve our lagging spirits. The order of each day was:—eating, drinking, (water, &c.) sleeping, lounging, swimming, hunting and fishing. It would seem almost impossible to get this all in a single day, but we did, and very successfully too; especially the former, as our increased avoirdupois attested.

We were quite successful in the latter part too, as our well filled larder proved. It may be here mentioned, that we did not, in our whole excursion, take a meal without game or fish composing one or more of the dishes. Listen ye dainty epicures to some of our bills of fare.

JULY 12.—Dinner.

Roast Woodcock, Baked Bass, Milk Toast, White Bread,
New Potatoes, boiled.
Coffee and Cream, Cherries and Sugar.

Our dishes were all prepared by a cook whose touch was perfection, and served in a manner to nearly dazzle the most metropolitan style, in our own estimation and that of those invited friends who took a woodcock at times with us Sunday, and had to be carried from the table on account of their inability to move, being so completely overstocked with woodcock and happiness. We had plenty to break the monotony with such narrations as a sudden and terrific thunder storm, nearly turning our tent inside out. The discovery of a snake under the bed clothes;—a sudden ducking perpetrated on your humble servant, who was standing on a log in the river, busily engaged fishing, when suddenly my hook was taken, and in the excitement I went backward off the log—down, at last, coming up with a shriek, I clutched the tree, pulling myself out, a wetter and wiser disciple of the gentle art, I succeeded in scaring all the bass out of that neighborhood, as well as the one that was on my hook, which made me feel none the better. It proved no serious mishap, as a dry suit of clothes soon remedied all evils.

A. and myself were tramping a long slough for woodcock, the grass being very thick and heavy, when I suddenly found myself in too close proximity to a formidable specimen of a rattlesnake; but being prepared I soon smoothed the standing hairs of my head by blowing off the monster's head with a charge of shot. I took some rattles from his tail, which I preserve as a relic of what might have been a serious adventure.

We found woodcock quite abundant, although it was plain to be seen the young were diminished by storms, by the number of old birds we shot. We had bass fishing to our heart's content, taking a large number. We used the grasshopper and fly almost exclusively, having great success with the former. We shot in the evening or early morning, while the birds were moving. Sugar River has long been noted for its shooting and fishing, and it was only after persistent efforts that the people were able to drive the Winnebago Indians from its banks, the place they called their best hunting ground, and around which many a dark legend still hangs. Through the past the Winnebago Chief has been immortalized. The country round about is now well settled, and fertile farmlands lie along its course. As we stood on the banks skimming the riffles with our restless fly as the early rays of the setting sun scattered themselves through the trees, we could but think—and be happy; but for a short time, for at the end of ten days we silently stole away, and floating down the beautiful banks of Sugar, then the shady shores of the Pecatonica, and last the gorgeous Rock river which carried us along its steep banks and landed us at the Forest City when just twelve days out, spent in the most enjoyable manner, and having made one of the largest bags of woodcock during the season.

Yours, M.
For Field and Stream.

A DAY WITH THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.

BY H. M. T.

In the fall of 1857 my abiding place was Coventry. From this place one can take one's choice of four first rate packs of hounds, and I have hunted with five by taking a short journey by rail. On this particular occasion I went out with the North Warwickshire. I was riding a young five year old which I had schooled pretty considerably across country; he was a splendid timber and bank jumper, although he had only been out with the hounds about three times. As this was his first appearance with these hounds, and he was in tip top condition, I hoped we should have something to do in the way of heavy fencing. We found almost directly, and went away with a good fox. After a mile or two of fair hunting country Mr. N—d—te, who knows the country like a book, turned to me, and said: "Now, for Churchover," (Churchover is a noted brook in that country.) I said Jack (my horse) had never seen water. "Never mind," said he, "send him along, I'll give you a lead over." Mr. N—d—te is noted for always riding a good one, and is a first flight man in the field, as well as in the political arena. I gave him the lead, and followed about fifty yards behind. He put on the pace, but unfortunately where he charged it was impossible to clear, being about 40 feet across, and right into the middle he jumped. The banks being about eight feet from the water, and perpendicular, he was rather in a predicament. Seeing him disappear, I pulled up just in time to avoid his fate. Here was a fix, hounds across and running like steam, and no jumpable place as far as one could see right or left; just then somebody whispered: "I'll show you a ford." Right face it was in a second, no time to lose, and two others turned and followed us. About 200 yards to the right there was a slight slope

to the bank, but welcome sight, there was gravel at the bottom, and the water only a few inches deep; no time to hesitate about getting up the other side, and down we went; on arriving at the bottom I put Jack at it twice, and both times after nearly reaching the top, back we rolled to the bottom, the third time I scrambled up myself; with a halloo, and a little judicious help with the bridle, Jack made his appearance on *terra firma*, at the same time one of the others made his escape also.

At that moment, glorious sight! there were the hounds just crossing the fence into the lane where we were,—not thirty yards from us, and away up the lane they went, scent breast high, nearly mute. Thinks I to myself, as I threw myself into the saddle, blood coursing like lightning through my veins: We shall have a splendid run, and I shall be the only one up; for not a soul was with them, and I knew my companion was not a first-flight man, and I would tail off mightily soon. I was crazy with delight, and would not have changed places then to have been made prime-minister, but I was soon to be disappointed. About 100 yards up, the lane turned like the letter T, right and left; at the top was a five barred gate, and alongside of it was a gap in the fence. Seeing the gap, I did not ease up, but sent Jack straight for it. On coming to it he swerved and jumped the gate sideways; and although a splendid gate jumper,—through going too fast, and jumping sideways,—he caught it with his hind legs, and fell with the gate on top of us. Owing to the gate falling, I was unable to clear myself from the saddle, and found myself held fast, with my right leg under the horse, and the bridle out of my reach; with my left hand I held up the gate, and touched Jack with my left spur, drawing my foot out of the stirrup as he rose: but, before I could jump to my feet, he was off, and instead of following the other horses which just at that moment came up, he took a straight course of his own along a bridle-path, jumping six gates in succession, to my great disgust, until he came to the high road, when he took up, still at full gallop. I followed, blessing him, as you may imagine, till I reached the road, when I took my seat on a gate to wait for him with what patience I would; luckily, my cigar-case was intact, and after waiting about two hours, flask empty and cigar-case all but, as I was smoking my last but one, I saw a cart coming along with Jack fastened behind. I got onto him and went home in a frame of mind better imagined than described.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—The crew of the Potomac Boat Club, which is going to row in the regatta, at Saratoga the last of this month, are already quartered at the lake, and have two shells with them, one for practice, and the other, made by Elliott, of New York, for the race. The crew are: D. Coughlin, stroke; A. J. McBlair, No. 3; Frank Jones, No. 2; H. S. Truax, captain and bow. The crew have shown good practice on our waters, and promise to give a good account of themselves.

The Anlostans have forwarded a challenge to the Potomacs for a series of races, to take place immediately after the Saratoga regatta. The Potomacs have accepted, and fine racing may be looked for. The Anlostan crew are in training now, and may be seen any fair evening pulling a good stroke up the river. Charles Brown, the bow, is captain, and is one of the best of trainers.

The celebrated Toothpick crew of the Potomacs, have just received from Sarkin, their old favorite, the four oared shell Gertrude, and it looks like a new boat. The Toothpicks are the junior crew of the Potomacs, and are Bestor, Proctor, Wheatley, and Doyle; they are the junior champions of the South. They are practicing for the race with all the other crews of the club under twenty-one years old.

Your correspondent has just returned from a trip up the river, fishing and shooting. I fished in the early morning, and caught bass until the sport tired me, then took "Bess" and went after woodcock. The birds, evidently, had not been much disturbed in that locality, for they were more plenty than I had expected to see. I am proud enough to imagine that there is no dog in Washington equal to Bess; anyway she is always true and steady, and when she points I always find a bird. I secured fifteen large cocks, and in going through some stunted pines, looking for a bird, I killed a half grown pheasant. I was sorry I shot, but I thought it was a woodcock.

The party I was with caught altogether, one hundred and eight black bass, averaging about two pounds.

Captain Bogardus has addressed a letter to the Sportsmen's Club, offering to shoot here, and perform his great feat of killing 50 birds in eight minutes. I do not know as yet whether his offer will be accepted.

Our marshes are filling with reed and black birds, and the pot-hunters are getting ready their shooting irons. Mayor Richards, Superintendent of Police, says he is going to have his men watch carefully

in the neighborhood of the marshes, and arrest any one shooting before September.

From all parts of the country, in Virginia and Maryland, the partridges are reported to be in vast numbers, promising abundance of sport in the fall.

The shooting match between two one arm shooters, House and Ferguson, took place last week, 10 birds each, 26 yards rise; was won by House, killing 7 to Ferguson's 6.

Another match took place immediately after the preceding one, between Mills and Jensen, 15 birds, 21 yards rise. Poor shooting for both, each killing only 5 birds; there were no more birds on the grounds to shoot off the ties.

John Ferguson is going to shoot Bogardus next week on a challenge from the latter, for \$250 for 25 birds, and \$250, Bogardus to shoot double to Ferguson's single. Expect a large attendance to see the match.

A sweepstakes race took place on Wednesday, Aug. 12, at Brightwood, for \$300, between Belle, of Gettysburg, Honest John, and Maggie Duvall. The race was won by Belle, of Gettysburg, in three straight heats. Time, 2:46½, 2:48¼, 2:49½.

Yours truly, THEODORE SMITH.

For Field and Stream.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY PIONEERS.

Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone, one of the Original Settlers of Kentucky—Containing the Wars with the Indians on the Ohio, from 1769 to the year 1784, and the First Establishment and Progress of the Settlement on the River.

Written by Himself and Published in the European Magazine in 1790—1.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. G. H.

The hostile disposition of the savages caused General Clark, the Commandant at the Falls of Ohio, to march with his regiment and the armed force of the country against Peccaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of the Great Miami, which he fulfilled with great success, took seventeen scalps, and burned the town to ashes, with the loss of seventeen men. About this time I returned to Kentucky with my family, for during my captivity, my wife, thinking me killed by the Indians, had transported my family and goods, on horses, through the wilderness, amidst many dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina. The history of my difficulties, in going and returning, is too long to be inserted here. On the 6th of October, 1780, soon after my settling again at Boonesborough, I went with my brother to the blue licks, and on our return, he was shot by a party of Indians, they followed me, by the scent of a dog, which I shot, and escaped. The severity of the winter caused great distress in Kentucky, the enemy, during the summer, having destroyed most of the corn. The inhabitants lived chiefly on buffaloes' flesh. In spring, 1782, the Indians harassed us. In May, they killed one man at Ashton's Station, and took a negro; Captain Ashton pursued them with twenty five men and in an engagement which lasted two hours, his party was obliged to retreat, having eight killed, and four mortally wounded; their brave commander fell in the action. August 10th, two boys were carried off from Major Hoy's station. Capt. Holder pursued with seventeen men; they were also defeated, and lost four, and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. The savages infested the country, killing men at every opportunity. In a field near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy. All the Indian nations were now united against us. August 15th 500 Indians and Canadians came against Briants Station, five miles from Lexington; they assaulted the fort, and killed all the cattle round it, but being repulsed they retired the third day, having about thirty killed, their wounded uncertain; the garrison had four killed and three wounded. August 18th, Col. Todd, Col. Trigg, Major Harland and myself speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the blue licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of the Licking river, about forty-three miles from Lexington, when we overtook them on the 19th. The savages, observing us, gave way, and we, ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When they saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage in position, they formed their line of battle from one end of the Licking to the other, about a mile from the blue licks. The battle was exceedingly fierce for about fifteen minutes, when we, being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son were among the dead. We were afterwards told that the Indians on numbering their dead, finding that they had four more killed than we, four of our people they had taken were given up to their young warriors, to be put to death after their barbarous manner. On

WOODCOCK AND BLACK BASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM.—Sugar River is one of those clear, rapid streams, noted in Illinois, whose numerous riffles and shady pools teem with that well-known game fish, the Black Bass. Fringed along with thick clusters of oak, with here and there a steep hill-side dotted with monarchs of the forest sufficient to preserve a dense and cool shade the entire day. Along the stream can be found, at no great distance apart, little bayous and sloughs closely surrounded with willows and dense brush; here was where the woodcock raised its brood, and waited for the sportsman and his dog. It was at this place that my friend A. and myself found ourselves one afternoon shortly after the glorious 4th. We were put down at one of the most picturesque places imaginable, for camping. With a large waterproof tent, containing beds, and a large provision chest containing tea, coffee, sugar, &c. (a few necessities.) A light rowing boat tied at the banks of the river, and lying at our sides were our light fowling pieces and jointed rods, with those famous setters, Belle and Joe, capering along the banks. At evening we have the tent up, everything in order, and the cook busily engaged preparing supper. During the morning I succeed in getting enough woodcock for us; which when fried to a brown, together with some scrambled eggs, milk, tea, &c., composed our first meal in the woods. After a lively game of euchre, and a little gun cleaning, we close the tent on all intruding mosquitos, and tumble on our soft bed of blankets, where we lay planning the campaign for the morrow, till tardy Morpheus comes and carries us away into dreamland; from whence we awake in the morning refreshed beyond all expectations, breathing the cool morning air, when it suddenly occurs to us, that the larder is lacking some things necessary for a good breakfast. Acting on the impulse of the moment, we snatch our rods, cross the stream, and going down to a bend in the river, where a cluster of trees overhang the water, we cast our lines, baited with live grasshoppers that struggle jumping along the water, forming one of the most alluring baits known for these game fish. I hear a splash, and turning, see the dying ripples made in an attempt to take some stray fly. I dropped my grasshopper on the spot, and was about pulling it across, when suddenly the line cuts swiftly through the water, carried by a strong and game fish. After a good play, I land a ten pounder, and the sport commences in earnest; in a few minutes we have each a fine mess, and turn our faces toward camp: and what a picture! The white sides of the tent glancing through the trees in the morning sunlight; the smoke from the camp fire curling in graceful circles through the leafy branches. The few rods of open, green sward in front of the camp bounded by the bright waters of the river, rapidly flowing in its course, and look at the white and black setters stretched out in front of the tent enjoying the morning sun. As we approach, the fragrant aroma of sweet, boiling coffee reaches us, delightful in the morning atmosphere. Presently we have three nice black bass in the frying pan almost before they are done their struggling; then breakfast, and was anything ever nicer, done to a turn, coffee and cream, bread and butter, fried black bass, and fried potatoes, sliced; simple, but tempting; fresh and clean, spread on white linen on an improved table, under the shade of close, overhanging boughs. Before the morning sun grows hot, we take a delicious and invigorating bath off the sandy bottom that we discovered immediately in front of the camp. This concluded, A. and myself take a turn at the woodcock, accompanied by Belle and Joe, eager yet obedient. Within a few rods of our tent we enter a thicket, the middle of which is filled with grass and lily pads, the bottom the thickest of soft mud, the happiest home of *philohela minor*. It is early yet, and we expect to find the birds well out on their feeding ground. The slough being of such a size that we could easily reach either side with our number 9 shot, we take standing position; A., a commanding view on one side, while I occupy the other, and in go the dogs, when *flip, flip*, go a brace from the other side of the pond, just in front of A., who takes them both on the right, in fine style; presently I have the satisfaction of seeing Belle stand a few paces off, and stepping, I get a single shot. Loaded,—I command Belle to retrieve, when up jumps another who is suddenly cut down in his whistling flight. We succeed in flushing another brace, when we leave the pond with five birds bagged. We proceed a short distance to a similar place; when, by the aid of the dogs, which worked to perfection, we bagged two more brace, making nine birds in all, with which we returned to camp, having been gone less than an hour. We find everything in order, and after having put our birds on the ice, we take a noonday nap, most acceptable it is too. Did I say we put our birds on ice? Yes; and a good piece of forethought it was too. We prepared a large wooden box, and packed a 50lb cake well with sawdust, after reaching camp we placed the box in an excavation, made in the damp earth, in the banks, and thus we were provided with cellar, refrigerator and ice at once, from which we derived much satisfaction, keeping, as it did, our game, fish, butter, &c., cool, as well as being able to have an iced lemonade in the heat of the day to relieve our lagging spirits. The order of each day was:—eating, drinking, (water, &c.,) sleeping, lounging, swimming, hunting and fishing. It would seem almost impossible to get this all in a single day, but we did, and very successfully too; especially the former, as our increased avoirdupois attested.

We were quite successful in the latter part too, as our well filled larder proved. It may be here mentioned, that we did not, in our whole excursion, take a meal without game or fish composing one or more of the dishes. Listen ye dainty epicures to some of our bills of fare.

JULY 12.—Dinner.

Roast Woodcock, Baked Bass, Milk Toast, White Bread,
New Potatoes, boiled.
Coffee and Cream, Cherries and Sugar.

Our dishes were all prepared by a cook whose touch was perfection, and served in a manner to nearly dazzle the most metropolitan style, in our own estimation and that of those invited friends who took a woodcock at times with us Sunday, and had to be carried from the table on account of their inability to move, being so completely overstocked with woodcock and happiness. We had plenty to break the monotony with such narrations as a sudden and terrific thunder storm, nearly turning our tent inside out. The discovery of a snake under the bed clothes;—a sudden ducking perpetrated on your humble servant, who was standing on a log in the river, busily engaged fishing, when suddenly my hook was taken, and in the excitement I went backward off the log—down, at last, coming up with a shriek, I clutched the tree, pulling myself out, a wetter and wiser disciple of the gentle art, I succeeded in scaring all the bass out of that neighborhood, as well as the one that was on my hook, which made me feel none the better. It proved no serious mishap, as a dry suit of clothes soon remedied all evils.

A. and myself were tramping a long slough for woodcock, the grass being very thick and heavy, when I suddenly found myself in too close proximity to a formidable specimen of a rattlesnake; but being prepared I soon smoothed the standing hairs of my head by blowing off the monster's head with a charge of shot. I took some rattles from his tail, which I preserve as a relic of what might have been a serious adventure.

We found woodcock quite abundant, although it was plain to be seen the young were diminished by storms, by the number of old birds we shot. We had bass fishing to our heart's content, taking a large number. We used the grasshopper and fly almost exclusively, having great success with the former. We shot in the evening or early morning, while the birds were moving. Sugar River has long been noted for its shooting and fishing, and it was only after persistent efforts that the people were able to drive the Winnebago Indians from its banks, the place they called their best hunting ground, and around which many a dark legend still hangs. Through the past the Winnebago Chief has been immortalized. The country round about is now well settled, and fertile farmlands lie along its course. As we stood on the banks skimming the riffles with our restless fly as the early rays of the setting sun scattered themselves through the trees, we could but think—and be happy; but for a short time, for at the end of ten days we silently stole away, and floating down the beautiful banks of Sugar, then the shady shores of the Pecatonica, and last the gorgeous Rock River which carried us along its steep banks and landed us at the Forest City when just twelve days out, spent in the most enjoyable manner, and having made one of the largest bags of woodcock during the season.

Yours, M.

For Field and Stream.

A DAY WITH THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.

BY H. M. T.

In the fall of 1857 my abiding place was Coventry. From this place one can take one's choice of four first rate packs of hounds, and I have hunted with five by taking a short journey by rail. On this particular occasion I went out with the North Warwickshire. I was riding a young five year old which I had schooled pretty considerably across country; he was a splendid timber and bank jumper, although he had only been out with the hounds about three times. As this was his first appearance with these hounds, and he was in tip top condition, I hoped we should have something to do in the way of heavy fencing. We found almost directly, and went away with a good fox. After a mile or two of fair hunting country Mr. N—d—te, who knows the country like a book, turned to me, and said: "Now, for Churchover." (Churchover is a noted brook in that country.) I said Jack (my horse) had never seen water. "Never mind," said he, "send him along, I'll give you a lead over." Mr. N—d—te is noted for always riding a good one, and is a first flight man in the field, as well as in the political arena. I gave him the lead, and followed about fifty yards behind. He put on the pace, but unfortunately where he charged it was impossible to clear, being about 40 feet across, and right into the middle he jumped. The banks being about eight feet from the water, and perpendicular, he was rather in a predicament. Seeing him disappear, I pulled up just in time to avoid his fate. Here was a fix, hounds across and running like steam, and no jumpable place as far as one could see right or left; just then somebody whispered: "I'll show you a ford." Right face it was in a second, no time to lose, and two others turned and followed us. About 200 yards to the right there was a slight slope

to the bank, but welcome sight, there was gravel at the bottom, and the water only a few inches deep; no time to hesitate about getting up the other side, and down we went; on arriving at the bottom I put Jack at it twice, and both times after nearly reaching the top, back we rolled to the bottom, the third time I scrambled up myself; with a halloo, and a little judicious help with the bridle, Jack made his appearance on *terra firma*, at the same time one of the others made his escape also.

At that moment, glorious sight! there were the hounds just crossing the fence into the lane where we were,—not thirty yards from us, and away up the lane they went, scent breast high, nearly mute. 'Thinks I to myself, as I threw myself into the saddle, blood coursing like lightning through my veins: We shall have a splendid run, and I shall be the only one up; for not a soul was with them, and I knew my companion was not a first-flight man, and I would tail off mightily soon. I was crazy with delight, and would not have changed places then to have been made prime-minister, but I was soon to be disappointed. About 100 yards up, the lane turned like the letter T, right and left; at the top was a five barred gate, and alongside of it was a gap in the fence. Seeing the gap, I did not ease up, but sent Jack straight for it. On coming to it he swerved and jumped the gate sideways; and although a splendid gate jumper,—through going too fast, and jumping sideways,—he caught it with his hind legs, and fell with the gate on top of us. Owing to the gate falling, I was unable to clear myself from the saddle, and found myself held fast, with my right leg under the horse, and the bridle out of my reach; with my left hand I held up the gate, and touched Jack with my left spur, drawing my foot out of the stirrup as he rose; but, before I could jump to my feet, he was off, and instead of following the other horses which just at that moment came up, he took a straight course of his own along a bridle-path, jumping six gates in succession, to my great disgust, until he came to the high road, when he took up, still at full gallop. I followed, blessing him, as you may imagine, till I reached the road, when I took my seat on a gate to wait for him with what patience I would; luckily, my cigar-case was intact, and after waiting about two hours, flask empty and cigar-case all but, as I was smoking my last but one, I saw a cart coming along with Jack fastened behind. I got onto him and went home in a frame of mind better imagined than described.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—The crew of the Potomac Boat Club, which is going to row in the regatta, at Saratoga the last of this month, are already quartered at the lake, and have two shells with them, one for practice, and the other, made by Elliott, of New York, for the race. The crew are: D. Coughlin, stroke; A. J. McBlair, No. 3; Frank Jones, No. 2; H. S. Truax, captain and bow. The crew have shown good practice on our waters, and promise to give a good account of themselves.

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Yours truly, THEODORE SMITH.

For Field and Stream.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY PIONEERS.

Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone, one of the Original Settlers of Kentucky—Containing the Wars with the Indians on the Ohio, from 1769 to the year 1784, and the First Establishment and Progress of the Settlement on the River.

Written by Himself and Published in the European Magazine in 1790—1.

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The hostile disposition of the savages caused General Clark, the Commandant at the Falls of Ohio, to march with his regiment and the armed force of the country against Peccaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of the Great Miami, which he fulfilled with great success, took seventeen scalps, and burned the town to ashes, with the loss of seventeen men. About this time I returned to Kentucke with my family, for during my captivity, my wife, thinking me killed by the Indians, had transported my family and goods, on horses, through the wilderness, amidst many dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina. The history of my difficulties, in going and returning, is too long to be inserted here. On the 6th of October, 1780, soon after my settling again at Boonesborough, I went with my brother to the blue licks, and on our return, he was shot by a party of Indians, they followed me, by the scent of a dog, which I shot, and escaped. The severity of the winter caused great distress in Kentucke, the enemy, during the summer, having destroyed most of the corn. The inhabitants lived chiefly on buffaloes' flesh. In spring, 1782, the Indians harassed us. In May, they killed one man at Ashton's Station, and took a negro; Captain Ashton pursued them with twenty five men and in an engagement which lasted two hours, his party was obliged to retreat, having eight killed, and four mortally wounded; their brave commander fell in the action. August 10th, two boys were carried off from Major Hoy's station. Capt. Holder pursued with seventeen men; they were also defeated, and lost four, and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. The savages infested the country, killing men at every opportunity. In a field near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy. All the Indian nations were now united against us. August 15th 500 Indians and Canadians came against Briants Station, five miles from Lexington; they assaulted the fort, and killed all the cattle round it, but being repulsed they retired the third day, having about thirty killed, their wounded uncertain: the garrison had four killed and three wounded. August 18th, Col. Todd, Col. Trigg, Major Harland and myself speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the blue licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of the Licking river, about forty-three miles from Lexington, when we overtook them on the 19th. The savages, observing us, gave way, and we, ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When they saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage in position, they formed their line of battle from one end of the Licking to the other, about a mile from the blue licks. The battle was exceedingly fierce for about fifteen minutes, when we, being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son were among the dead. We were afterwards told that the Indians on numbering their dead, finding that they had four more killed than we, four of our people they had taken were given up to their young warriors, to be put to death after their barbarous manner. On

our retreat, we were met by Col. Logan, who was hastening to join us with a number of well-armed men; this powerful assistance we wanted in the day battle. The enemy said one more fire from us would have made them give way. I cannot reflect on this dreadful scene, but sorrow fills my heart; a zeal for the defence of their country led those heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men, to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the water, some in the water, others after crossing, in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and, being dispersed everywhere, in a few hours brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate cattle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The readers may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding anything I can describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewn everywhere, cut and mangled in a frightful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled; some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrid condition, that one could not be distinguished from another.

When General Clarke, at the Falls of the Ohio, heard of our disaster, he ordered an expedition to pursue the savages. We overtook them within three miles of their towns, and we should have obtained a good victory, had not some of them met us when about two hundred miles from their camp. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, and evacuated all their towns. We burned to ashes Old Chillicothe, Peccaway, New Chillicothe, Wills Town and Chillicothe; entirely destroyed their corn and fruits, and spread desolation through their country. We took seven prisoners and five scalps, and lost only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by ourselves. This campaign damped the enemy, yet they made secret incursions.

In October, a party attacked Crab Orchard, and one of them being a good way before the others, boldly entered a house, in which were only a woman and her children, and a negro man. The savage offered no violence, but attempted to carry off the negro, who happily proved too strong for him, and threw him on the ground, and in the struggle the woman cut off his head with an axe, whilst her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly came up, and applied their tomahawks to the door, when the mother putting an old rusty gun barrel through a crevice, the savages went off. From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Soon after, the Indians desired peace.

Two darling sons and a brother, I have lost by savage hands, which have also taken forty valuable horses, and an abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed, peace crowns the sylvan shade.

DANIEL BOONE,
Fayette County, Kentucky.

OUR FISHING GROUNDS.

[Condensed from the Chicago Times.]

The rivers on this side of Lake Michigan trend toward the Mississippi valley, but there are many deep streams that flow into the lake from the other side. Without exception, there is good fishing in all of these for black and white bass, salmon, and pickerel.

Muskegon river which can be reached in a night's journey by one of Goodrich's line of, steamers leaving each evening from the dock at the foot of Michigan avenue, is a first rate fishing ground. It is a deep narrow river, with high banks well shaded by heavy timber. It abounds with the fish named, and as the stream is little fished they take to the bait with great avidity. A party of six gentlemen and ladies spent twenty-four hours at this point last summer and brought home no less than 800 pounds of splendid fish, all packed in ice, and furnishing themselves and neighbors with rare eating for two weeks afterward. Saugatuck and the Grand Traverse region are two other magnificent resorts.

The former can be reached only by rail at present, the line of steamers which formerly plied to this place having been taken off this summer. The latter point, Grand Traverse, can be gained by a lake ride of a day and night at comparatively small expense, and with great comfort the steamer going hence twice a week being first-class in every respect. In the Grand Traverse bay and in the river of the same name, which empties into it, there is such fishing as few spots under the sun now offer. The region around is yet in a state of nature, but is very beautiful. It is a high grassy plateau, shaded with heavy forest trees, and with very little undergrowth.

The river is deep, dark, and swift, and the water in the bay is as green and limpid as transparent glass. At a depth of twenty or more feet the sandy bottom is perfectly clear to the vision, and in the cool depths myriads of fish can be seen sporting about. These fish, however, rarely bite at the hook, and the real fishing is to be had up the river. Here the most listless fisherman is roused to the excitement of the sport. The line is hardly dropped into this water before the bait is seized, and then comes the struggle. They are game fish, and die the death of the noble, fighting to the last against capture. Salmon, bass, and trout are caught here of all sizes, weighing as much as ten, twenty, and thirty pounds, and from time to time a huge muskallonge turning the scale at fifty, will take one a ride in his cockle-shell boat, in a circle about the stream. The fun of safely landing one of these monsters repays a person for the whole trip. Still further up the river, where the cool brooks run down to swell its volume, is

the finest brook trout fishing in the west. Few adventurers have been here to disturb those shy shiners, and they exist in swarms. The scientific angler, the genuine disciple of old Isaac Walton, would find this spot to be an ideal fishing ground, remote, silent undisturbed by the unhallowed practices of the fish murderer, and alive with the confiding and palatable small fry, ready to jump in an instant at his painted fly. There are a few who will gnash their teeth that the enterprise of this paper has even ascended to this quiet nook and disclosed its secret. Contrary to general belief there is very little fishing at Mackinaw.

At Carp river, which lies about 12 miles northwest of the island, there is fair fishing for brook trout, but the stream has been beaten considerably by excursionists who come up each season to stop at the island resort, and, flouting their hopes of catching lake fish—which do not bite at the hook—to be vain, have ventured inland and cleaned out the near streams.

The Lake Superior region, wild and unsettled, is a fishing ground that is little explored, but produces an abundance of such fish as are indigenous to the climate. Those who go thither have no need of directions, for fish are to be caught everywhere, and in like abundance. Brook trout abound in all the small, cold streams, but are more plenty, as the source is approached, while the other tribes, of larger growth, swarm toward the mouth, whence they can seek the cool depths of the lake at midday, and run up the shallow edges at night in search of food. The fishing is consequently better in the rivers early in the morning, and toward nightfall, and in the bay during the day time. This, by the way, is a general habit of fish, and may be remembered with profit by the angler.

The grayling, a fish heretofore thought to be peculiar to English waters and a great favorite of sportsmen and the epicure, has lately been found in the Lake Superior waters, but not in quantities. As proving that it will thrive in these waters it is a discovery of great interest and promise. Proper measures will be taken to encourage the growth of this fish in all the Lake Superior streams, by Seth Green and others interested in the propagation of the white fish. The Wisconsin lakes offer good fishing. Where they have an outlet this is renewed from year to year, but in most cases they are inland, drawing their volume of water from hidden springs. It is not to be expected that small bodies like these will produce enough fish for constant fishing. The lakes at Oconomowoc and Lake Geneva are being fished to destruction, as are the lakes near Madison and other places. The people interested in these resorts show a most egregious stupidity in allowing these fine bodies of water to become barren when it is such an easy matter to stock them and control the growth of the spawn. The fish caught in these bodies are mostly the small perch which are caught in Lake Michigan at the breakwater, in front of the city and elsewhere. These are a common, but very edible fish, peculiar to the northern lakes of America. They seldom grow over eight inches in length, and need not be confounded with the tribes of whitefish and trout, from which they are an entirely different species, although frequently thought to be their young.

In the small lakes alluded to there are also some black bass and pickerel, but they are scarce. A fisherman who takes one or two of these of any size, in a day's trolling, may consider himself lucky. This depends upon how much the body of water has been beaten by fishermen. At one time they were abundant in all these lakes, but they are thinning out under the process of taking away but returning nothing.

Those who go to these points for a good bout at fishing will be pretty sure to come to grief, but then there are compensations, for the Chicago market is near, and there is splendid flirting at the hotels.

THE GAME LAW IN MACOUPIN COUNTY.

CARLINVILLE, ILL., Aug. 17, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—As the long waited for "15th" approached, our sportsmen began cleaning up their "fusees" and laying their plans for the fall-shooting. Some of them intend going "out west" for awhile, and they anticipate having a fine time. But the majority will be content to shoot around nearer home, as the season promises to be a good one.

Our Club, organized last month, now has thirty-one active members, and is steadily increasing in numbers as well as in notoriety. Some of the pot-hunters around town, who would not join the Club, circulated the report that the Club was formed for the purpose of keeping the farmers from shooting chickens; and some of them being greatly prejudiced against the town, believed it, and are doing all they can to retard the progress of the Club, swearing that they will shoot any member of the d—d Club that comes on their farms to shoot. Of course they are, generally, very ignorant farmers, who would believe any such stuff, but there are always a few of them in every community, and I don't think the number is any greater here than elsewhere. The majority of those who have heard the objects of the Club explained, pronounce it a "good thing" for them, and we now have about twenty of the best farmers in the county enrolled as members.

I enclose the score of a match that was shot the other day. The parties all being "scrubs," the score is not as good a one as I hope to send next time. (See page 220 for scores.) The first prosecution brought about by the Carlinville Hunters' Club, was tried on Friday last, and resulted in Henry Fiene being fined "\$10 and costs." He was only tried for "having in possession," or he would probably have had a much larger fine to pay. Henry is a German, and does not believe in most of the laws of this country; and when he was informed that his fine and the costs of suit amounted to \$28.35, he used some very profane language. There are three or four more cases to be tried during the present week, and I will let the readers of the FIELD AND STREAM know the result, at the earliest moment, as I think all of them, at least those in this State, are interested. The Carlinville Club is going to let the violators of the game law know that they mean "business," no matter how disreputable they may think it is to be informing upon anybody "for only killing a few d—d prairie chickens." One of the violators, I am sorry to say, was one of the charter members of the Club, but we'll oust him in short order.

Last Saturday morning, every man or boy who had a gun, was out by daybreak, and the number of chickens killed by those residing in town, was estimated at from 200 to 250.

Our Club is about to fit up a suite of rooms, and start a sportsmen's library and reading room; and will also endeavor to get up a fine collection of "stuffed game." Messrs. Burton, Walker, Matthews, Craig and Koester have promised to donate enough to give us a good start in the line of pictures and specimens.

We are glad to hear of the success of the FIELD AND STREAM, and now that it will appear weekly, we bespeak for it greater success than ever. If every sportsman in the West would take the interest in a western sporting paper that he should, we feel confident that the FIELD AND STREAM would soon lead the long established eastern sporting papers.

Thanks for the score blanks sent us. They are the most complete we ever saw.

SNIVE.

PICTON AS A SUMMER RESORT.

From a private letter we are permitted to make a few extracts concerning the country in the vicinity of Picton, Ont., which will perhaps interest some of our readers who desire to spend the "heated term" away from the "busy haunts of men." * * * "I was to drop you a line in New York city, I believe. Why did I not? Well, we were very busy at Bellville, so busy indeed, that we could not get time for that beautiful Black Bass fishing I was talking of, with the exception of two hours one evening, when half a dozen of us caught over sixty fish—Bass, of two kinds; Perch and Sunfish, not far from the Institution wharf. We were a goodly number of us, quartered upon citizens of Bellville, and though very grateful for their hospitality, thus wasted many an hour, it being two miles from the Institution to the town, when we ought to have been playing our hooks. The sessions began at 9:30 in the morning, and had we stopped at the Institution could have put in two or three hours every morning on the Bay, whereas what we did do was to lie and snooze—these Kanucks do not breakfast till 8:30, and it is a close thing to make that when one does not go to bed before one o'clock. The sessions of the Convention were two and sometimes three a day. The people of Bellville turned out for us, and spent one evening giving us speeches of congratulation, till 12:30. They all *did* want to make speeches so much, and they proposed sentiments without end, and to each one we had from two to eight speakers. They then furnished a supper. Of course I did not eat anything at such a late hour,—*too wise*,—"family man," etc.

Several committees waited on the Convention, with speeches and remarks of congratulation. The whole thing wound up with a picnic to a point on Lake Ontario. First a steamer ride down the Bay of Quinte to a place called Picton, about twenty-five miles. From there we were driven in vehicles, (gathered from far and near), through en miles of as fine agricultural country as I ever saw, to a beautiful evergreen grove close to some vast drifts of sand, reminding me somewhat of Michigan City. But this place is, I suppose, of a different sort, for by digging 3½ feet into the north side of the banks, we found plenty of snow. We were informed that these vast banks had accumulated with a comparatively short space of time. One man said that he had seen a farm house and garden spot where now all is waste, within ten years. The explanation is, that the sand is blown over the vast ice piles which form on the shores of our great Lakes during the winter, and proves a good non-conductor. It is making quite rapid encroachments on the forest, (in which, by the by, we had a beautiful dinner), and leaves marks of its devastation in stumps of leafless trees, which have been cut by the farmers after being killed by the sand.

It was quite a contrast to turn from the bank to Lake Ontario, and find the water beautiful for bathing. I never found such a splendid place for any one to spend a summer: beautiful scenery, cool weather, magnificent fishing and safe sailing. Quiet, retired and cheap. Board in private families at \$2.50 a week; and only \$8.50 in the best hotels! Let any who wanted to leave the world and climb a tree, go to Picton, and out from there into the country and the beautiful peninsula called Prince Edwards, and if a suitable place can not be found I miss my guess very decidedly."

Shooting Notes.

PROSPECTS IN WISCONSIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—The season for Pinnated Grouse (prairie hens) opened very propitiously, on Saturday, Aug. 15th. Many sportsmen were awaiting the day with anxiety, and on the previous evening not a few guns were carefully prepared for the next day's sport. The majority bagged goodly numbers of Grouse, and report them more plentiful this season than for years before. This is due in a great measure, to the watchfulness of prominent sportsmen, and the offering of rewards for information sufficient to convict any person of shooting them unlawfully.

Montello is the centre of a large game reserve, and also a close point to some of the best fishing localities. Any one wishing to secure a season's fine shooting will find here an excellent point, as the town contains numerous congenial spirits, who are on the alert to take a day's recreation with any true sportsman. The best route for western sportsmen is direct from Chicago to Milwaukee, and from thence to Portage City, the northern terminus of the line. A drive of twenty miles north then brings you to Montello, and the choice sporting grounds lay in each direction.

September 1st will see many more eager sportsmen donning their shooting habilaments for the rice fields, and lagoons in quest of Mallard, Wood duck, and Teal. From all appearances a splendid season is in waiting for the lovers of the fascinating sport of "duck shooting." The "Puckaway Club," so favorably and extensively known, are making preparations to take the web-foots of Puckaway Lake by storm. This club owns a fine club house at the head of the lake, and will entertain any sportsmen who chance to drop in, to the best of their ability.

Yours,

RED WING.

SEASON PROSPECTS IN KANSAS.

BURLINGTON, KANSAS, Aug. 16th, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM.—There has been but little to write about lately. The weather has been so hot since the 1st, (the time our law was off on Grouse,) that we have done but little shooting. Eighteen is the highest bag I have heard of. The heat has averaged 105 degrees in the shade for the last ten days, but we are in hopes of cooler weather. The prairies will burn now if set on fire. Last spring was dry and a good time to hatch, but the frss were late and burned up a great many eggs and young birds, so that there are a great many birds too small to shoot. The prairies being burned off so late and being so dry made the birds an easy prey for hawks and other enemies. On the third of this month I saw, in going across a wheat stubble, a dove's nest on the ground with two eggs in it. I did not know that they raised two broods in one year. I think this is an exception to the rule. Wishing you much success in issuing your paper in weekly numbers, I am,

Your's,

FRANK WALKER.

In England the shooting prospects are not flattering. The accounts from the moors are far from satisfactory. Reports from Dumfriesshire are good. Partridges are everywhere reported plenty. From Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Wilts, Surry and Sussex excellent reports are returned of partridges. Hares are plenty, and pheasants, especially tame bred ones, have done well.

Our Rockford correspondent, says:—Grouse are splendid this year, the stubble is full of them, and with the near approach of the 15th, I hear the sounds of preparation. A great many sportsmen go to other parts for Grouse, but we have very acceptable shooting close by. With a good dog and gun, you can bag 30 to 40 in a day, within ten miles of this city.

The shooting season was opened in Albert Lee, Minn., by the citizens in a grand chicken shoot, divided into two parties of 15 each, commanded by Messrs. Frank Hill, and W. J. Martin, the losing side to pay for supper for all. Hall's side bagged 516 birds, Martin's 463; total 979.

Mr. Geo. Russell, of London, England, will shoot a match with any gentleman at 100 birds, 50 at 30 yards, and 50 at 35 yards rise, for £50 or £100 a side, and the championship of the world. Address by letter, care of editor *Sporting Gazette*, 135 Strand, London.

At a meeting held by the St. Paul Sportsmen's club the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Mr. Page, President; Wm. Golcher, Vice President; W. B. Bell, Secretary and Treasurer.

The season opened auspiciously on the 15th, and good bags are being made generally throughout the West by every one who pretends to any skill in shooting.

A number of shootists from La Cygne, Kan., took a trip to the country last week, after chickens, and bagged over fifty.

Numerous flocks of water fowl are said to be peacefully waiting for Sept. 1st at Ox Creek, six miles west of Montello, Wis.

Quail are reported in great numbers in the vicinity of Canton, Mo.

Trap and Target Shooting.

Abbreviation Used—§ Withdrew.

SHOOTING AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Grand Rapids, Aug. 11, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—Enclosed you will find score of the Fifth Tournament of the Northwestern Michigan Shooting Club, for the champion Gold Medal. The shoot took place at the fair grounds. The medal was won by Mr. Henry Decker, who did very good shooting, the birds considered, which were very lively flyers. In double bird shooting our club has never had any practice, which accounts for the poor score, but will try in future to bring that up to par. Everything, considered, we had an excellent shoot and a pleasant time.

SUMMARY.

Tournament at Grand Rapids, August 3, 1874.—Prairie club rules to govern. 15 birds each; wild pigeons. First prize, Club Gold Medal; second prize, Medal. A. J. Dygart, referee; N. S. Dygart, scorer. Weather fine; wind west.

Decker.....	1111111110111111-14	Dygart.....	001100001001011-6
Boorham.....	1111111110101010-11	Sargeant.....	0110111010000-6
Daars.....	1100111110111011-11	Thompson.....	11111101111101-13
Thayer.....	11111101001111-12	Horton.....	11111101111111-14
Ball.....	111100001110-6	Gibson.....	11111100110100-10
White.....	11110111111111-14	Freely.....	11001011101110-10
Miller.....	1101101111101011-12	Prusser.....	01111110011111-12
Stewart.....	11111011011111-13	Gould.....	11011110011111-12

TIES ON GOLD MEDAL—26 YARDS.

Decker.....	11111-5	White.....	11011-4
Horton.....	00010-1		

SAME DAY SWEEPSTAKES MATCH—3 DOUBLE RISES—ENTRANCE, \$3.00.

Thayer.....	110010-3	Boorham.....	111010-4
Daars.....	101001-8	Gould.....	100011-3
Stewart.....	101101-4		

TIES ON DOUBLES—MISS AND GO OUT.

Stewart.....	11-2	Boorham.....	10-1
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ANOTHER SWEEPSTAKES—SAME TERMS.

Thayer.....	001000-1	Daars.....	111111-6
Stewart.....	101010-8	Boorham.....	101011-4

Yours, G.

SHOOTING AT PLYMOUTH, MICH.

AUDUBON'S VS. AMATEURS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—The Audubon Club of Plymouth, and the Amateur Shooting Club of Detroit, Mich., held a pigeon shoot, on the grounds of the former club, at Plymouth, on the 10th inst.; the latter club having challenged the former to "shoot a match for the birds."

Each club selected ten of their number, who shot at ten single birds, at 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.

The birds were strong, and had been handled with the utmost care. The day was clear and very warm, with a gentle breeze from the west, notwithstanding the high column the mercury attained in the thermometer, the boys seldom raised their guns too high.

At the close the following remarkable score was exhibited. Remarkable in that twenty men (ten on a side) should shoot at 200 birds and score an equal number on either side.

AUDUBON CLUB.		AMATEUR SHOOTING CLUB.	
N N Wherry.....	1111111101-9	G B Mather.....	1111011110-8
C G Harrington.....	1101111111-9	W Smith.....	1101111011-8
W D Rhead.....	1111111011-9	C L Eldridge.....	0111111111-8
C S Sly.....	1111001111-8	F Simmons.....	0111101111-8
T Whipple.....	1101111111-9	T W Harris.....	1001111100-6
M Kedyon.....	1111110011-8	R M Baker.....	1111110111-9
H Whipple.....	1000111111-7	J Phillips.....	1101101011-7
A Durfee.....	0011110110-6	J Humphrey.....	1011100111-7
C Root.....	0010101001-4	T Nowell.....	1010111101-7
C Baker.....	1111111101-9	E Green.....	1011111111-9
Total.....	78	Total.....	78

SHOOTING AT HUDSON, MICHIGAN.

HUDSON, MICH., Aug. 11, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—I send score of Southern Michigan Shooting Club, which took place here, August 5th, for the Sawdy Medal. Said Medal was presented to the club by H. J. Sawdy of Chicago, and is a fine gift. The birds were tame and strong flyers. The shooters were handicapped, Welch shooting at 26 yards, and Sheldon 24 yards rise. The rest at 21 yards rise.

J B Welch.....	1111101111-9	A Underhill.....	1110011101-7
F G Sheldon.....	1111101001-7	M Standish.....	1010111010-6
A P Fellows.....	1101111111-9	W Straw.....	1101000011-5
J C Wyckoff.....	1111100011-7	C Elliott.....	1011100110-6

In shooting off ties between Messrs. Welch and Fellows, the following was the result:

J B Welch.....	31 yards—11110-4	A P Fellows.....	26 yards—01000-1
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More anon as to game in our section, shall send you sample of first day's shooting.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

A friendly match at pigeon shooting between the Omaha Sportsman's Club and the Council Bluffs Club, was shot July 29th, 1874, at the fair grounds, in Council Bluffs, at ten (10) single wild pigeons each, according to the rules of the New York State Sportsmen's Association. The former club winning as per following score:

OMAHAS.		COUNCIL BLUFFS.	
George T Hoagland.....	01101111101-7	J C Hoffmayn.....	11011111110-8
John W Petty.....	01101111111-8	J T Oliver.....	10110110111-7
Wm Preston.....	11101101010-7	S C Bowman.....	01111011000-6
H B Sackett.....	01111101111-8	R Mullis.....	01111011111-8
Y Hathaway.....	11010100111-6	M Fichera.....	11111111111-10
H A Homan.....	10111111111-9	W G Ollan.....	10000010011-3
R N Withnell.....	11101011111-8	C H Babbitt.....	10010010111-5
John Withnell.....	10111111000-7	L W Babbitt.....	11000001000-3
A E Loveland.....	10110111000-6	W P Wightman.....	11001100111-6
E Tennyry.....	11111010000-6	M D Harden.....	10111101011-7
J Van Orman.....	01101111110-7	Jas Mars.....	01111110111-8
Geo T Mills.....	10101111111-8	A C Graham.....	11110010111-7
Ed Johnston.....	11110101011-7	H P Niles.....	10010000111-4
B E B Kennedy.....	00001011110-4	Geo Richardson.....	00100101011-4
G B Lake.....	01101111111-8	Richard Green.....	10010111000-5
Total, - -	106	Total, - -	91

It is but just to say that during a portion of the time a high wind prevailed which rendered the shooting extremely difficult, and the birds were all lively, strong flyers. The judges of this match were Messrs. Ellis, of Missouri Valley, and J. Y. Clopper, of Omaha. Referee—M. H. C. Champlin, of Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Following this match were several friendly contests, losing party to pay for the birds. Same rules and judges.

First match five double rises:

Geo. F. Hoagland.....	11111011-9
M. Fichera.....	0011101110-6

Second match, 5 double rises:

Geo. T. Hoagland.....	11111111-10
J. C. Hoffmeyer.....	1011010110-6

Other matches were shot between several gentlemen, but I have not been able to obtain correct report. K.

SHOOTING AT CARLINVILLE.

Five single birds—21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. Prairie Club rules.

Sulvely.....	01101-3	Braley.....	10111-4
Siegel.....	01111-4	Johnson.....	00101-2
Valentine.....	11101-4		

Siegel, Valentine and Braley being tied, they shot off, Siegel winning the money—Ten Dollars.

SECOND MATCH.

Boring.....	1001 drew out	Siegel.....	11111-5
Valentine.....	11110-4	Snively.....	11110-4
Kelley.....	11101-4		

SHOOTING AT DAVENPORT.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Aug. 11, 1874.

Prizes—Birds and the wine. 10 birds each—tame pigeons. Four on a side; ground traps. Referee, Slimmy Bills, of St. Louis; scorer, Mohawk Herbert, of Davenport. Weather pleasant; wind very strong from the west. According to Genesee rules.

E A Tiebline, Davenport.....	0011101000-4	L Harmes, Rock Island.....	1011101110-7
J A LeClaire.....	0010111101-6	Chas Koehler, B. Grass.....	0111111111-9
J C Smith.....	0111111111-9	A Schmidt, Davenport.....	1110110101-7
S F Gilman.....	1110011110-7	L Schmidt.....	0101010101-5
Total.....	26	Total.....	28

SHOOTING AT ST. PAUL.

On Saturday the 8th, the third challenger, Mr. B. Beaupre, met Alderman Golcher, the present holder of the Club Championship Badge, in a contest for its possession. The result was that the left lappel of the Alderman's coat is still ornamented.

In the general shooting which followed by sides chosen by Messrs. Davis and Timberlake, as well as in the Badge contest, the skill displayed was by no means what it usually is, a result which was partly owing to the hot weather, and partly to the great lack of "energy" exhibited by the birds themselves. I append the score. If the requisite birds can be procured, other matches will follow.

Golcher,.....	1101111110001110111-15		
Beaupre,.....	10100110001100111110-11		
Davis,.....	1*110-3	Timberlake,.....	101110-3
Day,.....	*111-3	E L Larpenteur,.....	1111-4
Du Bray,.....	11101-4	Huddleston,.....	01*11-3
Taylor,.....	10011-3	McQuillan,.....	10010-2
Sibley,.....	0100*-1	Butler,.....	11110-4
R Warner,.....	*1*01-2	McFarland,.....	00000-0
Campbell,.....	*1111-3	Page,.....	10100-2
Head,.....	11110-4	S Larpenteur,.....	01100-2
Mason,.....	01101-3	Slater,.....	01111-4
-	Total, - - 26	Total, - - 24	

SHOOTING AT MENDOTA.

MENDOTA, ILL., Aug. 6th, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—Below find scores made at this place, August 5th. Tame birds; very strong and active; ten rises. H and T traps; Kennicott rules; wind strong, from score directly to trap.

First—ten birds, \$5.00 entry; 21 yards:

J. Kunly,.....	1101110100-8	T. Taylor,.....	1110100111-7
C. Randlett,.....	1010011010-5	L. Taylor,.....	1111111111-10
L. B. Crooker,.....	1111111100-8	S. Hendricks,.....	0001111011-6
H. Englebrucht,.....	1111101111-9	J. Delany,.....	1011001010-5
J. Clarkson,.....	1110011101-7		

Taylor took first money; Englebrucht second; Crooker third. All three used breech loaders.

Second—An amateur match, for those who never shot out of trap—5 birds; \$3.00 entrance.

C. L. Dewey,.....	11001-3	26 yards.	31 yards.
W. T. Muson,.....	11100-3	111-3	0
Williamson,.....	1101-4	001-1	
Stewart,.....	01101-3	0	
A. George,.....	01111-4	111-3	011-2
J. Porter,.....	00010-1		
Delany,.....	10111-4	111-3	100-1
R. H. Ruggles,.....	11101-4	111-3	111-3

Ruggles first money; Muson second; and Porter third, on one bird.

Third—Seven birds; \$5.00 entrance.

L. B. Crooker,.....	1111111-7	L. Taylor,.....	11111110-6
M. G. Porter,.....	1011011-5	H. Englebrucht,.....	1111101-6
T. Burnes,.....	1111101-6	J. Clarkson,.....	1111111-7
S. Hendricks,.....	1111101-6	C. L. Dewey,.....	1011101-5
J. Delany,.....	1110101-5	C. Randlett,.....	0111111-6
L. Taylor,.....	1011110-5	Muson,.....	1111111-7

First money divided; second money shot off for until Hendricks and Burnes were shot out, when Taylor, Englebrucht and Randlett divided. Third money won by Dewey.

Thus closed, are of the pleasantest occasions ever occurring here. By observing the last score it will be seen that 71 birds were scored out of 84. Of these all but 4 or 5 fell dead out of bounds.

Yours truly, L. B. CROOKER.

SHOOTING AT HUTCHINSON STATION, KY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—The following is the record of a match [for \$50 a side], at Hutchinson, Ky., on August 12, 1874; according to Nimrod rules. 20 birds each—tame pigeons.

C. Woodford, Paris, Ky.,.....	11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 11-15
L. Trotter, Lexington, Ky.,.....	11 01 11 00 07 10 10 11 11-11

The following matches were also shot, same day: Side match for the pigeons; 5 birds:—

C. A. Kenny, Paris, Ky.,.....	11 10 00-3
J. W. Kidd, Lexington, Ky.,.....	10 11 10-1

Match, \$5.00 a side, and for the pigeons—5 birds:

Sam Baggs, Paris, Ky.,.....	11 10 1-4
J. W. Kidd, Lexington, Ky.,.....	11 11 1-5

GRAND PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

To be holden at Jerseyville, Illinois, August 25th, 26th and 27th.

FIRST DAY.

For amateurs exclusively—10 single birds. \$10.00 entrance. 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the first, second and third respectively. Rhode Island rules to govern.

Amateurs only—\$5.00 entrance. 6 single and 3 pairs. Prairie club rules to govern. Sixty per cent to the first, and forty to the second.

SECOND DAY.

Handicap Sweepstakes—(from 20 to 27 yards rise); 10 single birds. \$10.00 entrance. 50, 30 and 20 per cent., to the first, second and third respectively. Kennicott rules to govern.

Grand Sweepstakes; free for all. \$20.00 entrance. 8 to fill (handicap). 50, 30 and 20 per cent., to the first, second and third respectively. \$50.00 added to the first, \$30.00 to the second, and \$20.00 to the third, as a citizen's purse. Prairie club rules to govern.

THIRD DAY.

Sweepstakes at 10 pairs (handicap); 18 and 22 yards rise. \$10.00 entrance—free to all. Kennicott rules to govern. 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively, to first, second and third.

Handsome silver water set, valued at \$100, (handicap); 21 and 27 yards rise. \$10.00 entrance. 15 to fill, 10 single birds. Rhode Island rules to govern. Silver water set, first prize; \$50 the second prize. All entries to the above sweepstakes must be made at the National Hotel the night previous to each day's shooting.

Fifteen hundred birds have been procured for the occasion. Capt. Bogardus, Kleinman Bros., Geo. D. Hunter, William Larrison, and several celebrated shots from Carlinville, and Litchfield, will be present.

L. S. HANSELL,
L. S. HOLCOMBE, } Managers.
J. S. NUTT.

THE CHICAGO TOURNAMENT.

The Shooting Tournament at Dexter Park, began on Tuesday, the 11th inst., under the management of Messrs. S. H. Turrill and Abner Price. Cash prizes amounting to \$2,500 were given. There were seventy-six entries the first day, which is the largest ever known at a shoot. Crack shots from several States were present, among whom were: Horace Silsby, of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Pheatt, of Toledo; Ruble and Sherman, of Beloit, Wis.; Ireland, of Brooklyn; and many others of like prominence. These, in conjunction with leading marksmen of the Kennicott, Prairie and Gun Clubs, of this city, formed a field, such as has never before been gathered together.

The men shot in squads of four, from H and T plunge-traps, and no unnecessary delay was allowed.

An entirely new feature in pigeon matches was introduced, in the shape of music, which was furnished by a part of Page's band. The decisions of the referees and judges gave general satisfaction.

The whole affair passed off well, and great credit is due to the managers for the way in which they conducted it.

It is to be hoped that the success of this tournament, will induce them to make a similar and perhaps greater venture in the future.

Following are the Official Scores of the several days.

SUMMARY.

CHICAGO, August 11th, 1874.

Class Shooting—Open to amateurs only, ten single rises. Kennicott rules. Purse, \$415. \$175 to first; \$100 to second; \$75 to third; \$50 to fourth; \$15 to fifth. Judges, C. S. Ullne, of St. Paul; E. Garrison, of Syracuse. Referee, S. P. Hopkins, of Chicago.

Wm. Chittenden,.....	1111111111-10	H. H. Klienman,.....	1110111110-8
M. Johattan,.....	1101010111-7	T. J. Higgins,.....	1011111111-9
Jno. Marshall,.....	1011111001-7	M. Heisler,.....	1010010100-4
J. J. Hall,.....	0101011111-7	G. W. Baldwin,.....	1110111111-9
E. Hudson,.....	1111111111-10	E. Bates,.....	1011111111-9
Jno. McIntyre,.....	0011011100-5	J. F. Welch,.....	1010111011-7
J. Bogart,.....	0011011111-7	L. Heisler,.....	1011111011-8
David Wilson,.....	1111001111-8	J. Reeves,.....	1111111110-9
J. J. Kleinman,.....	1111111111-10	Jno. Davidson,.....	1111111111-10
W. W. Johnson,.....	1111111111-10	C. Creighton,.....	1011011011-7
T. W. Wilmarth,.....	1111110101-8	N. Doney,.....	1001111111-8
D. T. Elston,.....	1111111011-9	J. W. Phillips,.....	1000111000-4
T. J. South,.....	1111110110-8	H. J. Edwards,.....	1111111111-10
H. N. Sherman,.....	1101011111-8	Abner Price,.....	1111111111-9
T. Bestford,.....	0111001111-7	W. H. Calvert,.....	0111111010-7
Jno. Steel,.....	0001011111-6	W. B. Wilcox,.....	1010101011-7
Thomas Stagg,.....	0010111101-6	J. K. P. Norval,.....	1100101101-6
Jno. A. Ruble,.....	1111111101-9	G. Predmore,.....	1110110111-8
R. W. Phillips,.....	1111111111-10	G. H. Douglass,.....	1011111011-8
J. R. McCormick,.....	1111111111-10	Jacob Strayer,.....	1100011101-6
H. W. Baldwin,.....	1111110111-9	Jas. Anderson,.....	0001111101-6
H. R. Phillips,.....	1010101111-7	R. B. Morgan,.....	1111101111-9
A. M. Hoffman,.....	1110011111-6	W. L. Horn,.....	1111011111-9
W. B. Ireland,.....	1111011111-9	N. C. Hinsdale,.....	1011111111-9
L. J. Simonds,.....	0111010000-4	J. Glen,.....	1011111111-9
L. G. Moran,.....	1010110100-5	E. H. Gilman,.....	0111011111-7
H. E. Hamilton,.....	1111110111-9	M. Hawkins,.....	1111111111-10
G. Stanton,.....	1011111111-9	H. Shibley,.....	0111111110-8
S. H. Turrill,.....	1111111011-9	F. W. Bennett,.....	10101110101-7
Ed. Price,.....	1111101111-9	G. C. Sherman,.....	10101110101-7
Chas. Morris,.....	1111111001-8	G. C. Tolman,.....	0111111111-9
F. J. Abbey,.....	1111111111-10	G. K. Pheatt,.....	1110111111-9
C. E. Felton,.....	1111111111-10	D. A. Danforth,.....	1001100101-5
A. E. Walker,.....	1111111110-9	Jno. Farnsworth,.....	1111111110-9
N. B. Wade,.....	1111010111-8	G. W. Eggleston,.....	1111011101-8
J. H. Long,.....	1111010101-7	D. Bates,.....	0101110111-7
J. E. Long,.....	0111111111-9	J. Ennis,.....	1000011000-3
V. Volanet,.....	1011111111-3	S. P. Hopkins,.....	1101110111-8

TIE ON 10 BIRDS—THREE SINGLE RISES.

Wm Chittenden,.....	26 yds.	31 yds.	R W Phillips,.....	26 yds.	31 yds.
E Hudson,.....	011-2	0	Jno R McCormick,.....	011-3	0
J J Kleinman,.....	111-3		F J Abbey,.....	0	
W T Johnson,.....	011-2		C E Felton,.....	111-3	11
Jno Davidson,.....	111-3	111-3	M Hawkins,.....	0	
H J Edwards,.....	101-3				

John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, and C. E. Felton, of Chicago, divided first money.

TIES ON NINE—THREE BIRDS.

T J Higgins,.....	26 yds.	31 yds.	H E Hamilton,.....	26 yds.	31 yds.
G W Baldwin,.....	0-10		G Stanton,.....	111-3	01
Eri Bates,.....	0-10		S H Turrill,.....	111-3	110
J Reeves,.....	10-10		Ed Price,.....	0-10	
D T Elston,.....	111-3	110	J Green, Jr.,.....	111-3	
Abner Price,.....	111-3	0	G C Tolman,.....	111-3	10
Jno A Ruble,.....	111-3	0	G K Pheatt,.....	10-10	
H W Baldwin,.....	0-10		A E Walker,.....	0-10	
W B Ireland,.....	111-3	110	J E Long,.....	111-3	111-3
R B Morgan,.....	111-3	10	V Volanet,.....	111-3	10
W L Horn,.....	0-10		Jno Farnsworth,.....	10-10	
N C Hinsdale,.....	111-3	100			

Second money to J. E. Long, of Detroit.

TIES ON EIGHT—THREE BIRDS.

D Wilson,.....	26 yds.	31 yds.	G Predmore,.....	26 yds.	31 yds.
H H Kleinman,.....	110-2		G H Douglass,.....	111-3	10
L Heisler,.....	10-10		Chas Morris,.....	10-10	
T W Wilmarth,.....	111-3	0	H Shibley,.....	111-3	0
J J South,.....	111-3	111-3	A H Wade,.....	10-10	
H N Sherman,.....	110-2		G W Eggleston,.....	10-10	
N Doney,.....	111-3	0	S P Hopkins,.....	0-10	
A M Hoffman,.....	111-3	10			

SUMMARY.

CHICAGO, August 12th, 1874.—Class Shooting: Ten single rises. Purse, \$440; \$200 to first; \$100 to second; \$75 to third; \$40 to fourth; \$25 to fifth. Entrance, \$10.

Abner Price.....	1111111111-10
N Dorey.....	1011101111-8
Ed Price.....	0111110111-8
G Stanton.....	1111111111-10
G H Douglass.....	0111111111-9
E Hudson.....	1111111111-10
T J South.....	1111011011-8
L G Moran.....	1101111111-9
J J Hall.....	1111110111-9
J "Jonathan".....	1111111111-10
G K Pheatt.....	1100100111-9
J F Phillips.....	1111111111-10
W Chittenden.....	1001111111-7
J J Kleinman.....	1111111111-9
G W Eggleston.....	1111011011-8
N F Gardner.....	1111110111-9
W B Wilcox.....	1101111111-8
G C Hill.....	0010101101-5
J F Welsh.....	1101001011-7
W B Ireland.....	0111111111-9
V Voisinett.....	1001110001-5
D A Danforth.....	0011001111-5
J A Ruble.....	1111110101-9
E O Dow.....	1011111111-9
T J Higgins.....	0111111111-8
F J Abbey.....	1111110101-8
Hawkins.....	1111111111-10
J K P Noval.....	1011101111-8
G Predmore.....	0111011011-7
J E Long.....	1111111111-10
S H Turrill.....	0110110111-7
H Slesby.....	1111110111-9
W T Johnson.....	1111111111-10

Ties on 10—5 single rises—First prize:

Abner Price.....	011111-4
G Stanton.....	111111-5
E Hudson.....	011110-3
"Jonathan".....	111111-10
J F Phillips.....	110111-4
Hawkins.....	111011-4

Ties on 9—5 single rises—Second Prize:

G H Douglass.....	0
L G Moran.....	0
T J Higgins.....	10
J J Kleinman.....	110
H H Kleinman.....	1110-4
N F Gardner.....	0
W B Ireland.....	110
J A Ruble.....	110
E O Dow.....	0

Ties on 8—5 single rises—Third Prize:

Ed Price.....	10
T J South.....	1110-4
G W Eggleston.....	1100-3
W B Wilcox.....	1111-6
F J Abbey.....	10
J K P Noval.....	01
N Dorey.....	11111-5

Ties on 7—5 single rises—Fourth Prize:

W Chittenden.....	1110110
J F Welsh.....	1111010
G Predmore.....	0
S H Turrill.....	0
W H Calvert.....	11110111110

Ties on 6—5 single rises—Fifth Prize:

G K Pheatt.....	111011
E H Short.....	0
Alex Price.....	110

SUMMARY.

CHICAGO, August 13th, 1874.—Class shooting. Ten single rises. Purse, \$430; \$200 to the first; \$100 to the second; \$70 to the third; \$40 to the fourth; and \$20 to the fifth.

Abner Price.....	1111111011-9
H H Kleinman.....	1110111111-9
L Moran.....	1110111111-9
G Stanton.....	1011111111-9
E Hudson.....	1010011111-7
J J Kleinman.....	0111111111-9
Joel Reeves.....	1111111011-8
J J Hall.....	1111000111-7
T J South.....	1111111111-10
N Dorey.....	0011111000-5
Ed Price.....	1111111111-9
D T Elston.....	1111111111-10
J Davidson.....	1011111111-9
F J Welch.....	1000010110-4
W B Ireland.....	1010111111-8
Jesse Allison.....	1000000110-3
W T Johnson.....	1111111011-9
F J Abbey.....	1111010111-8
T J Higgins.....	1111110110-8
G C Tollman.....	0011101110-6
W Brice.....	0101011011-6
A C Cable.....	1011111010-8
L B Crocker.....	0000001101-3
J Jonathan.....	1011100110-6
W B Wilcox.....	0111111111-9
G Waddington.....	0101101111-7
J E Long.....	1111110011-8
J J Gillespie.....	1011000111-6
N F Gardner.....	1101001111-7
G Predmore.....	1111001111-8

W H Calvert.....	0111111000-6
G G Hasford.....	0111111110-8
C E Felton.....	0111111111-9
L Horn.....	0101100010-4
J Glenn, Jr.....	1101111111-9
G W Baldwin.....	1011111011-8
H N Sherman.....	1011111111-9
G C Sherman.....	0111100110-6
J F Whiting.....	0101100010-4
J R McCormick.....	1111011111-9
Gillman.....	0000101001-3
W F Milligan.....	0111111110-7
R W Phillips.....	0101111110-7
Bostow.....	1010101011-7
Bennett.....	1110100101-6
Chittenden.....	1111011111-9
Rubel.....	1111111111-10
E Bates.....	1011111010-7
A Price.....	1011111110-8
T Stagg.....	1111111111-10
S H Turrill.....	1110111011-7
G W Eggleston.....	11100000
G Hill.....	1111111001-8
F L Judd.....	1111101011-8
E O Dow.....	1100100111-6
C H Farman.....	1101100000-4
J H Long.....	0010101011-4
H Slesby.....	1010110100-5
Chas Kern.....	1100111100-6

Ties on 10—5 single rises—First Prize:

T O South.....	10011
D T Elston.....	11111; 11110
T Stagg.....	11110
Rubel.....	11111; 00

Ties on 9—5 single rises—Second Prize:

Abner Price.....	10
H H Kleinman.....	10
L Moran.....	1111; 01111
G Stanton.....	0
J J Kleinman.....	110
Ed Price.....	11110
J Davidson.....	110
W T Johnson.....	110
W B Wilcox.....	0
C H Felton.....	0
J Glenn, Jr.....	11111; 01101
H N Sherman.....	0
J R McCormick.....	11111; 0001
W Chittenden.....	0

Ties on 8—3 single rises—Third Prize:

J Reeves.....	0
W B Ireland.....	110
F J Abbey.....	111; 10
T J Higgins.....	11; 0
J E Long.....	111; 111; 101
G Predmore.....	111; 111; 001
G G Hasford.....	10
G W Baldwin.....	11; 0
A Price.....	0
Geo Hill.....	110
F L Judd.....	0

Ties on 7—3 single rises—Fourth Prize:

E Hudson.....	111; 100
J J Hall.....	111; 101; 101; 001; 011
G Waddington.....	0
N F Gardner.....	111; 110; 011; 001; 100
Gillman.....	10
G K Pheatt.....	10
R W Phillips.....	0
Bostow.....	111; 011; 00
E Bates.....	10
S H Turrill.....	111; 100

Ties on 6—3 single rises—Fifth Prize:

W Brice.....	111; 00
A O Cable.....	111; 011; 010
J Jonathan.....	0
G C Tallman.....	110
J J Gillespie.....	10
W H Calvert.....	110
G C Sherman.....	111; 110; 011
Bennett.....	0
E O Dow.....	111; 011; 010
Chas Kern.....	10

SUMMARY.

CHICAGO, August 14th, 1874.—Five best scores—ten double rises. Purse, \$1,050; \$400 to first; \$300 to second; \$200 to third; \$100 to fourth; \$50 to fifth. Entrance, \$105.

H N Sherman.....	10	11	11	11	10	11	11	10	10	01-15
J J Kleinman.....	11	11	11	01	11	11	11	11	11	11-19
W T Johnson.....	11	10	11	11	11	11	01	11	11	11-18
W B Wilcox.....	10	11	11	11	00	10	10	10	10	11-13
W L Horn.....	01	10	10	01	11	10	11	01	11	11-14
D T Elston.....	11	01	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	11-18
G W Baldwin.....	11	01	11	01	11	10	00	11	11	00-18
H J Edwards.....	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11-19
J E Hudson.....	10	11	11	11	00	10	10	10	10	11-17
John Rubel.....	00	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11-17
A Price.....	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11-18
H H Kleinman.....	10	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11-18
S H Turrill.....	01	11	11	11	01	11	11	11	11	11-18
E Price.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	10	00	00	01-13
J Davidson.....	11	11	11	11	10	11	01	00	11	10-15

Ties on 19—5 double rises—First and Second Prizes:

J J Kleinman.....	11	10	11	11	11-9
H J Edwards.....	00	11	11	11	11-8

Shoot off for Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes:

W T Johnson.....	10	11	10	10	11-7
D T Elston.....	11	10	10	11	10-7
J Jonathan.....	10	10	10	11	11-7
S H Turrill.....	11	10	10	11	11-8
H H Kleinman.....	11	10	10	11	11-8

Shoot off for best average:

W T Johnson.....	1101111000-6
J J Kleinman.....	1111111011-9
1011111111-9-15	
1111111110-9-18	

SHOOTING AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS, August 1, 1874.

Record of a match for a private purse; seven double birds each:

W. A. Williams.....	01	11	10	11	11	11-12
R. W. Lightburne.....	11	10	11	11	11	11-13
D. Bryson.....	11	11	11	11	11	11-14

The Clubs.

THE PORTAGE CITY CONVENTION.

A STATE ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

[By Our Special Reporter.]

PORTAGE CITY, WIS., Aug. 18, 1874.

The Convention of Wisconsin Sportsmen met in Court House Hall, in this city, to-day, at 3 o'clock P. M., pursuant to a call issued by the Editor of THE FIELD AND STREAM.

After discussing the objects for which the Convention was called, the meeting was called to order and Mr. R. H. Strong, of Baraboo, was elected Chairman of the Convention, and S. S. Brennan, A. J. Turner and W. W. Corning were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

The Committee reported a resolution that the constitution and by-laws of the New York State Association be, with some slight amend-

ments, adopted as the fundamental laws of the Association, which resolution was adopted.

The name of the organization was declared to be *The Wisconsin Association for the Protection of Game*.

The representatives of THE FIELD AND STREAM, *American Sportsman* and *Forest and Stream* were admitted to seats in the Convention.

The following officers were unanimously elected:

R. H. Strong, of Baraboo, *President*.
S. W. Woodward, of Eau Claire, *Vice President*.
L. M. Wyatt, of Fond du Lac, *2nd Vice President*.
Myron Bailey, of Madison, *Recording Sec'y*.
A. J. Turner, of Portage City, *Corresponding Sec'y*.
W. W. Corning, of Portage City, *Treasurer*.

The following gentlemen constitute the *Executive Committee*:

A. J. Aikens, of Milwaukee.
Col. R. M. Strong, of Baraboo.
T. S. Ellis, of Green Bay.
H. B. Harshaw, of Oshkosh.
James Hogan, of Oshkosh.

The following gentlemen were named and invited to attend the Sportsmen's National Convention at Niagara Falls, Sept. 9th, but no delegates were appointed by the Association:

Wm. Young, Milwaukee; R. O. Loomis, Portage City; A. R. Barrows, Chippewa Falls; A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee; G. W. James, Eau Claire; B. F. Goodell, Montello; W. W. Webb, Galena; F. T. Farnham, Columbus; Wm. L. Valley, Racine; A. M. Sherman, Beloit; W. D. Merrill, Prairie du Chien; A. G. S. Holmes, Green Bay; B. G. Paddock, Ironton; S. D. Burchard, Beaver Dam.

The Clubs represented were the *Skillet Club*; *Puckaway Club*, *Eau Claire Club*; and *Grampus Club*.

At the close of the Convention the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved that THE FIELD AND STREAM, of Chicago, the *American Sportsman*, of West Meriden, Conn., and the *Forest and Stream*, of New York, are journals worthy the support of all sportsmen.

The Convention then adjourned to meet at Madison on the first Tuesday of February next.

Owing to the fact that the shooting season had just opened and many of the sportsmen were in the field after Pinnated Grouse, the Convention was not as well attended as it would otherwise have been. All who were present, however, were enthusiastic on the subject on the subject of a State Association, and it is expected that the next meeting of the Association will be largely attended. Letters of regret were received from many who could not attend, all wishing the best of success to the enterprise.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the "Willoughby Sportsmen's Club," of Willoughby, Lake County, Ohio. This Club was organized on Aug. 4th, and the following officers were elected:

Capt. R. Kennedy, Pres.; J. O. Humphrey, Vice Pres.; C. J. Komar, Secretary; O. H. Sharp, Treasurer; Charles R. Brown, Clinton Wait, L. E. Wightman, Directors.

Turf Notes.

GOLDSMITH MAID.—This remarkable mare has eclipsed her Buffalo record by trotting a mile at Rochester in 2:14½ and it is natural to question how much more speed the "Nonpareil" has in reserve. She has certainly taken to beating herself. At Rochester, August 12th, for a free for all purse of \$5,000, \$1,000 additional to the horse that would beat her Buffalo record of 2:15½, the Maid, with American Girl, and Fullerton as contestants, trotted the second heat in 2:14½. The first quarter was made in 33½ seconds, and the half in 1:06½. This feat was accomplished in the presence of 20,000 persons, amid the greatest enthusiasm.

BODINE.—At Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., August 18th, this celebrated gelding scored another victory by winning the \$7,500 purse for 2:24 horses, in three straight heats.

Lulu, the favorite, was distanced in the fourth heat. Time, 2:21½, 2:23½, 2:26.

LULU.—In the trot for 2:24 horses at Rochester, this mare, although unsteady at the start, won without difficulty, and in the last heat was sent for all she was worth. She made the quarter in 34½, the half in 1:09, and the mile in 2:16½. This is the fastest third heat ever trotted in a race. Lulu is a bay mare, sired by Alexander's Norman, and was bred in Kentucky. She is 10 years old. Her best time at Cleveland was 2:20½.

LEXINGTON'S FOUR MILE TIME was beaten at Saratoga, August 20. The race was for a purse of \$1400, four mile dash. Three horses started, Wanderer, Fellowcraft and Katie Pease. The race was won by Fellowcraft, by six lengths. Time 7:19½.

THE MATCH AGAINST TIME, made by Mr. A. Belmont, that his horse Gray Planet, 5 years old, would run one mile inside of 1:43½, carrying 110 pounds, was decided at Saratoga August 14th. The stakes were \$1000, Mr. P. Lorillard backing time. Before the trial, time was the favorite at \$100 to \$90. The horse won easily, making the mile in 1:42½.

THE STABLE OF GRAVES & LOOMIS will leave Chicago on a starring tour through the south west, about August 20. They will take with them the following well known trotters: Chicago, Clementine, Bay Henry and probably a green one. Liberal purses are offered by the associations, through that section, and our south western turfites will have an opportunity of seeing some good trotting. They will take in Salt Lake City, Utah.

IN THE GREAT STALLION RACE at Buffalo, Colonel Russell's famous Smuggler in his maiden race scored two heats, the second being the fastest record ever won by a stallion. Great things were expected from him in this race, but he was badly driven, and in each heat was sent off 40 yards behind the rest, a distance sufficient to destroy all his chances in the race. He went to pieces on the fourth heat, and allowed the gamy Hartford horse, Thomas Jefferson, to win the race. These horses will meet in the great stallion trot at Mystic Park, September 15. Were the great contest only between these two, the result would be in doubt, and when we place in competition fourteen other famous fast ones, it promises a race, the results of which nothing can be safely prophesied.

MENDOTA TROTTER PARK.—The attendance at this park has been good, though the weather was very warm and the wind blew a perfect gale. On August 19 the first race for a purse of \$600, horses that never beat three minutes, was won by Peck's ch. g. Randall in three straight heats. Gen. Mac, second and Modoc third. Time 2:40, 2:38½, 2:35½. In the running race, heats of half mile, Sweet Bay won first money, Queen of Diamonds second. Time, 53, 52 and 52. The last trot of the day was for a purse of \$600, for horses that have never beaten 2:33. It was won by the bay stallion Young Wilkes, the ch. g. Col. Lewis securing second money by winning the first heat. Time, 2:36, 2:34, 2:34½, 2:34½.

UTICA MEETING, AUG. 14TH, 1874.

(Concluded from page 227.)

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35½	1:12	2:25
Second heat.....	35	1:10½	2:24½
Third heat.....	37	1:12	2:26

*For foul driving.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$5000, for horses that have never beaten 2:20; \$2500 to first, \$1250 to second, \$750 to third, \$500 to fourth.

J E Turner's Nettie.....	4	2	1	1
M Roden's Castle Boy.....	1	1	4	3
W B Smith's Thomas Jefferson.....	2	3	3	2
Huntress.....	3	4	2	4

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35½	1:11	2:24
Second heat.....	36½	1:12	2:22½
Third heat.....	35½	1:11	2:24½
Fourth heat.....	35½	1:09½	2:22
Fifth heat.....	36	1:10½	2:22

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Pacing, Purse \$1000, free to all.

W H Carpenter, Copperbottom.....	1	1	1
James Jameson, Billy Hopper.....	2	2	2
Abram Carpenter, Sleepy Dave.....	3	3	3
Alexander Lewis, Defiance, of Chicago.....	dr		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35	1:12½	2:28
Second heat.....	40	1:15½	2:31½
Third heat.....	36	1:11	2:26½

TROTTER AT CHICAGO.

DEXTER PARK, CHICAGO, Aug. 10, 1874.—Trotting for a stake of \$50 each, with \$300 added by the association; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

Graves & Loomis' b g Chicago.....	3	1	1	2	3
A. Lewis' g m May Howard.....	1	2	3	1	2
Owner's br g General Howard.....	2	3	3	1	3

Time: 2:29, 2:30¼, 2:30¼, 2:30¼, 2:31½, 2:30.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Trotting for a stake of \$50 each, with \$300 added by the association; mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness.

A. H. Buck's ch m Hattie.....	1	1	1
Graves & Loomis' b g Chicago.....	3	2	2
A. Lewis' br g Jerome.....	2	dis	

Time: 2:32¼, 2:31¼, 2:37¼.

Natural History.

PLUMED QUAIL.

Lophortyx Gambeli.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A.

The beginning of the pairing season may be known to be at hand when certain peculiar cries, different from any usually emitted during the fall and winter, are heard.

These notes are a sign that the coveys are breaking up and mating about to commence. They are analogous to the "bob-white" of the Eastern Quail (*Ortyx virginianus*), and are uttered, as with that species, more particularly in the breeding season. The note is a loud, energetic, two-syllabled whistle, delivered in a clear, ringing tone. It is difficult to write down intelligently, but, once heard, is not likely to be afterward mistaken, except for one of the cries of the Black-headed Grosbeak. It sounds, to my ears, something like the forcible pronunciation of the syllables "killink, killink," indefinitely repeated, sometimes with a rising, sometimes a falling, intonation. The old cocks, if they can be seen so engaged, are found strutting along some fallen log, or gesticulating from the top of some broad rock, or stepping with dignified air along a pathway under the bushes; sometimes even perched in a tree or bush, without other motion than the heaving of the chest. But, wherever they may be, they have one mind in common; their only thought, to secure the admiration and then the favor of birds more modest if not more fair.

A beautiful sight it is to see the enamored birds pressing suit with all the pomp and circumstance of their brilliant courtships. The firm and stately tread, with body erect and comely shape displayed to best advantage; the quivering wings; the motion of the plumes, that wave like the standard of knight-errant; the flashing eyes—bespeak proud consciousness of masculine vigor. The beautiful bird glances defiance and challenges loudly, eager for a rival; but none disputes, and he may retire, his rights proven. Only a gentler bird is near, hidden in a leafy bower, whence she watches, admiring his bearing, fascinated by the courage she sees displayed, hoping every moment that the next will bring him, dreading lest it may. As their eyes meet, she trembles and would turn to fly, but cannot; his glow again, but with a different light, even more intense than before. With an exultant cry, he flies straight to her, and, like the true knight he is, for just one moment bends till his breast touches the ground, and is then erect again. He leans toward her, half-spreads his wings over her, and pleads in under tone. She listens, but draws away; she listens, but only stands irresolute; she listens, and listening, yields.

They must now prepare for new duties. With deep sense of responsibility and earnest solicitude, the pair now cast about for a suitable spot for their home. They search through the tall, rank herbage alongside the stream, through the willow copses, among fallen, moss-covered logs that are scattered around the glen, and at length make up their minds. Little more is needed than to fix upon the spot; for the nest is a simple affair, the work of a few hours perhaps, scratching a suitable depression and lining it with a few dried grasses pressed together. Day by day eggs are laid, till a dozen or more fill the nest. They cannot be distinguished from those of the California Quail. They measure an inch and a quarter in length by an inch in breadth, and are almost pyramidal in shape, the larger end flattish and very broad, the other narrow and pointed. The color is a buff or rich creamy, dotted and spotted all over with bright brown, and splashed here and there with large blotches of the same. When the female is not pressed to lay, the pair ramble about together, in close company, until the complement is finished. Then she gives up all recreation, grown already quite sober and maternal, and resolutely sets about her long tour of duty. But she is not forgotten because she can no longer share the idle pleasures of her lord. Mounted on a stump or bush near by, he stands watch, and continually solaces her with the best music he can make. It is not very harmonious, to be sure; in fact his ditty at such times is a medley of odd notes, sounding rather lugubrious than hilarious, but it is presumably satisfactory to the one most concerned. So the long days pass for two weeks or more, till feeble cries come from the nest: the mother bird dries and cuddles the curious little things, and the delighted birds, brimful of joy, lead their family off in search of food.

From the number of eggs sometimes found in a nest, it becomes a question whether birds, hard pressed, may not occasionally deposit in nests not their own. We have no positive evidence that it may occur, but observation has rendered it highly probable that such is the case with some other birds, as the Rails, and, I think, the Virginia Quail. However this may be, it is pretty certain that broods of young sometimes coalesce, at a varying time after hatching. I do not remember to have myself seen a covey of more than twenty; but it is currently reported, upon good authority, that troops, numbering as many as fifty partly-grown birds, and including several old ones, may be met with. This raises, of course, the question of polygamy, so common in birds of this order; and something may be said in favor of the view. The same surmise has been made in the case of *L. californicus*, but I believe that it remains to be proven. I am bound to observe, that I have never witnessed anything supporting this view; had I done so, what has just gone before would not have been written.

In an article communicated some years since to the "Ibis," I used the following language, which I have since found no reason to modify:

"Compared with the eastern Quail (*O. virginianus*), from the sportsman's stand-point, Gambel's Plumed Quail is more difficult to kill. Not that it rises with more startling suddenness, or flies faster, for I noticed distance is extremely troublesome both to the sportsman and his dog; so much so, that the best trained dogs can often be of little or no service. It is true that this habit of running affords many shots on the ground, and often places the whole bevy directly under fire; but no true sportsman would thus ungloriously fill his bag by "potting" a bevy of such noble game birds. Like all their tribe, their flight is exceedingly rapid and vigorous; but it is always even and direct, so that it only requires a very quick hand and eye, and the usual intuitive calculation for cross-shots, to kill them readily. Notwithstanding all I have heard to the contrary, I consider them far from being tough birds, and No. 8 shot is abundantly large enough for them. The fault in most cases, I presume, is with the shooter rather than the shot. I may add, that many of the places in which bevyies are found would compare unfavorably with the worst Woodcock-brake of the Eastern States, as regards facilities for obtaining a fair shot. I have had a bevy flushed all around me, and hardly caught a glimpse of a feather. But these and all other difficulties should only increase one's ardor, and confer additional value on the lovely birds when obtained."

Fishing.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

In these piping days of heat, the inquiry becomes pertinent as to the best place to find the cool shade, the icy cold brook and the sparkling trout. Information shall not be withheld on all these points.

First we would call attention to the Grand Traverse Bay region of Michigan.

The Bay of Grand Traverse sweeps like a Mediterranean from the ocean of Lake Michigan, some thirty-five miles southward from its mouth, and no where can finer scenery be found than that which borders this gem of bays. Into the head of one of the arms of Traverse Bay flows the Boardman River, and no better stream for trout exists in all this northern region.

You can take steam from Chicago to Traverse City, where there are good stopping places.

We can commend mine host J. K. Gunton, of the Gunton House, as a man who knows how to put up a lunch. Mixing the net with due proportions of the dry groceries. And he it is also who knows a thing or two about fishing—can take you to the right place, and has tents, teams, etc., at his command. A few miles out from Traverse City and you reach the trouting streams—but he will tell you all about it.

Another spot where keen sport is relished, with the trout line, is at the crossing of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad. When we visited this spot it was untrudged by the foot of the tourist, being buried in the dense wilds and jungles of the north woods, and before the railroad was completed.

We might tell you of the pounds Avoirdupois of the spotted shiners we then and there captured, but will not, as we wish to retain a reputation for truth. But we only hint that here as well as in Bear River at its entrance into Little Traverse Bay, two, three and four pounders were not an uncommon fry.

The latter place is reached by the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad; or from here via the Michigan Central to Grand Rapids; or parties can go to Grand Haven or Muskegon by boat, and thence via Big Rapids to the same railroad connection. We learn that good accommodations are to be had at Petowsky, near the mouth of the Bear. One difficulty is found here, viz: that although the good fishing ground begins immediately at the mouth of the river, unfortunately it extends only a short distance up.

An old mill "by a dam site" stops the ascent of the spotted beauties above its location.

For those who fear not to plunge into fell and forest, good fishing will also be met with in Rapid River, Pine River and Boyne Water, all near the region we have described. One caution—take bars with you, as you may find an occasional mosquito.

A trout was caught in Lake George, Wis., last week, weighing 14½ pounds. It had to be shot in the head before it could be landed.

THERE will soon be 60,000 shad placed in the head waters of the Brazos and Colorado Rivers, Texas.

DANGERS OF TROUT FISHING FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM:—At this season of the year, when so many of our clergymen, aldermen, and other notables, are braving the dangers of trout fishing in the northern lakes and streams, it may not be amiss to tell "what I know of those dangers: not as warnings for those who go, so much as for the information of those more tender beings—wives and sisters, who are left at home, as too frail and delicate to endure the hardships and perils of the uncivilized regions where trout do congregate. Two or three years ago I spent the months of July and August in Traverse City, at the G—House, and mine host of that hotel, is called one of the best guides, and most successful fishermen of all that North Michigan region. This information I give for the benefit of those sportsmen who are not to be daunted by any amount or difficulty and danger in the pursuit of their speckled treasures.

Angleworms are not an indigenous product of the Traverse City region, and as they are the best bait for speckled trout (so mine host said) he went down the Bay one morning to Northport, on the steamer, and came back the next, with a barrel of angleworms. Don't understand me as meaning a barrel filled with a solid mass of squirming horrors, but a barrel of dirt through which were interspersed, more thickly than huckleberries through pudding, these amiable small monsters, which so delight a fisherman's eyes, and a trout's palate. I knew that barrel of angleworms meant business.

A day or two after, came a party of six or eight gentlemen, "some of the first citizens of the city of C—" said mine host; "up for a week's fishing;" I don't think I'll give the name of that city, though, lest any woman should be unnaturally curious, I will state, that I am happy to say it was *not* Chicago, unusual as it is for a city to be spelled with a C; and, desperate as our reputation is abroad.

For several days after the arrival of these bankers, merchants, sundry school superintendents, etc., from C—, the hotel was the scene of unusual commotion. Parties of two or three men, dressed in nondescript garments of flannel, with pants tucked into long-legged boots, and strange looking, wide-brimmed hats, surmounting their head-pieces—altogether unrecognizable as the sleek, decorous, well appointed individuals, whose arrival had been so regular and respectable, were seen to issue from the hotel, armed with the various paraphernalia of trout murder; and engineered by small boys as guides, returning at all hours of the day, flushed and excited, with a few poor unfortunate victims suspended by the gills on willow twigs. Meals were served at most unseasonable hours, keeping our distressed hostess and her cheerful corps of domestics in constant bustle, and strange noises were heard proceeding from the room directly under mine, commonly called in country parlance, the bar-room.

Finally, one night, about a week after the first appearance of the fishermen, matters culminated. All day there had been unnatural bustle, even for that bustling time; chickens had cackled, turkeys gobbled, pigs squealed, piles of decapitated fowls had been brought into the kitchen; ovens had been heated till they rivalled the fire furnace through which walked Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; though I noticed, that the unlucky poultry, exposed to the ordeal, came not out unscathed, but of a crisp and lovely brown, toothsome to behold; and cookies, and tarts, and biscuit accumulated in heaps on all the kitchen tables. In the room under mine, the uproar increased as the evening advanced—shouting, stamping, whooping, singing; the jingling of glasses, with now and then the sound of one dashed to the floor and shivered into fragments, warned me that something unusually terrifying was going on, and finally, when I heard the Sunday School superintendent's voice, thick and husky with fright, "I love Jesus, yes I do," I was glad for his sake to hear it, but when he continued, "and He loves me," I had my doubts. Just here, came a soft knock at my door, and mine host appeared, telling me "not to be alarmed, there was no danger to me,—the convicts from the penitentiary have not broken loose—the Indians from the Reservation North have not swooped down upon us; an enraged body of communists were not trying to pull the house down about our ears; merely the gentlemen were going to start in the morning for a three days camping out trip into the depths of the trout fisheries, and they were fortifying their courage, and getting themselves wrought up, to meet and defy the dangers of the way. "Is it then so dangerous an undertaking," I asked innocently. "Well, you know there are some bears"—(yes, I knew that; hadn't I heard the bushes rustle, on my way up from Big Rapids, behind which, didn't I know positively my first bear was eating raspberries), "and then you know there are some Indians," (yes, I'd seen them too, a few old men, bent double with rheumatism, and a few miserable squaws, going out to pick huckleberries, with a wide, deep basket strapped to their backs, by a broad band around their foreheads, in one end of which, (basket of course), was a bucket for the berries, and in the other end a papoose)—"and they may fall into the creek," (and get drowned? I cried in horror); "oh, no, but get wet, and take cold you know; and the mosquitos may bite them; and it's well enough to be prepared." Sure enough. Well, I guess they were prepared. In the morning they left—two wagon loads of men and provisions, and we saw no more of them till the end of the third day.

They returned, the most utterly demoralized and dilapidated set of

men you ever saw: clothes torn to shreds; boots water-soaked and run over at the heel, if not entirely cast aside; hats mashed out of all semblance of respectability; faces, necks and hands, blistered by the sun; bitten by mosquitos and sand-flies, and swollen till their own wives wouldn't have known them; and wouldn't have spoken to them if they had. Quiet and subdued, they were glad to creep into their own rooms, and let darkness cover them as with a garment. "But we had a splendid time," said the jolly host; "we caught *three hundred* of the most magnificent trout—perfect beauties—and it took just *one gallon and a half of whiskey to every trout.*"

Yours,

M. W. H.

Racing and Trotting.

THEO. SMITH, our Washington correspondent, says: The Washington Driving Association have leased the whole of the Brightwood estate, and are now at work making a track a mile round, and building a grand stand similar to that in Pimlico, Baltimore. Arrangements have just been completed for the Fall meeting, and there is a promise of the entry of some of the best stock in the country, among the rest Goldsmith Maid and Fullerton.

The Fall meeting will open on the 7th of October, and continue, with intervals, until the 23d. The premiums are for horses that have never beaten 3 minutes, \$500; 2:50 class, \$500; 2:44 class, \$500; 2:38 class, \$750; 2:33 class, \$750; free to all, \$1000. In addition to the trotting races, there will be entered some of the best running stock in the country, and the Association will endeavor to make this meeting as attractive as any held in the country.

SUMMER MEETING—CLEVELAND CLUB.

FIRST DAY.—SUMMARY:

CLEVELAND CLUB, Cleveland, O., July 28th, 1874.—First day. Purse \$5000; \$3000 to the first, \$1250 to the second, and \$750 to the third horse; for horses that have never beaten 2:24.

C. S. Green, Babylon, N. Y., b m Lulu.....	2 1 1 1
H. C. Goodrich, Chicago, b g Bodine, by Volunteer, dam by Henry Clay.....	1 2 2 4
Dan Mace, New York, c g Triumph.....	3 6 3 2
J. S. Rowell, Chicago, g m Badger Girl.....	4 4 5 3
M. Roden, New York, c g Castle Boy, by Champion.....	5 3 4 5
A. E. Brown, Cleveland, b g Derby, by Rough and Ready, dam a Morgan mare.....	7 5 6 6
Abner Rush, Sharon, Pa., b g Brother Johnathan, unknown.....	6 dr

Time: 2:22½, 2:20½, 2:23¼, 2:24¼.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$2500, for horses that have never beaten 2:34; \$1250 to the first, \$625 to the second, \$375 to third, and \$250 to the fourth. Mile heats, 3 in 5.

W. J. Wadsworth, Kokomo, Ind., r s Monarch, Jr., by Monarch.....	1 1 1
J. Dougray, Jr., Troy, g g Ben Smith.....	4 2 2
J. H. Williams, Toledo, O., b g Tom Britton by Mambruno.....	7 6 3
S. T. Bane, Cleveland, O., b m Lady Alice, Mambruno Pilot.....	9 8 4
F. M. Wetherbee, Langdon, N. H., br m Jean Ingelow, by Emperor, dam by Preal.....	3 8 5
A. Falk, Steubenville, O., b m Kitty D., pedigree unknown.....	2 4 6
J. Leedorn, Erie, Pa., b m Effie.....	8 5 7
W. R. Brasfield, Lexington, Ky., b h Bowman Clark Chief, by Clark Chief.....	10 7 8
E. A. Fuller, Worthington, O., d g Jerry Postell.....	6 10 9
A. M. Willson, Youngtown, O., b m Frank, pedigree unknown.....	5 9 10
E. M. Strode, Steubenville, O., s g Red Oak, by Paul Jones, Morgan dam Bell Fountner.....	dr

Time: 2:28¾, 2:28¾, 2:30¾.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$1500, for horses that never beat 2:50; \$750 to first, \$375 to second, and \$150 to fourth. Mile heats, 3 in 5.

Ben Mace, New York, br g James Howell, Jr.....	1 1 1
C. H. Olmstead, Erie, Pa., b g Lewinsky, by Mambruno Messenger, dam Messenger Mare.....	2 4 2
Samuel Root, Waterbury, Conn., br g Major Root, pedigree unknown.....	4 2 3
T. T. Oliver, Cincinnati, O., s g T. J. Stephens, by Rysdyk Hambletonian.....	3 3 4
Lyder & Green, East Fairfield, O., Limber Jim.....	dr

Time: 2:32¼, 2:32¼, 2:30¾.

SECOND DAY.—SUMMARY.

CLEVELAND CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio, July 29, 1874.—Purse \$3500, free to all; \$2100 to the first, \$875 to the second and \$525 to the third. Mile heats, 3 in 5.

Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid.....	1 1 1
Ben Mace's ch g Judge Fullerton.....	2 3 2
William Lovell's b m American Girl.....	3 2 3

Time: 2:19¾, 2:19¾, 2:20.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$4000 for 2.29 horses; \$2400 to the first, \$1000 to the second, \$600 to third. Mile heats, 3 in 5.

J. M. French, Detroit, bk m Cosette.....	4 1 1 4 1
C. M. Bliven, Norwich, N. Y., spot g Spotted Colt.....	1 2 5 3 2
C. S. Green, Babylon, N. Y., br m Lucille Golddust.....	2 4 3 1 3
M. Goodin, Philadelphia, b g Stewart Maloney.....	3 8 2 2 4
John Demass, Detroit, b m Mollie.....	6 5 4 5 6
John Hines, Minerva, O., g g Silversides.....	5 6 6 6 6
W. H. Wood, Buffalo, b g Governor.....	dr

Time: 2.25½, 2.24½, 2.27½, 2.26¾, 2.27¾.

SUMMARY—RUNNING.

Purse \$500; mile heats, \$350 to first, \$125 to second, \$75 to third.

L. Ostrom, Barrie, Ont., ch s Spendthrift, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner.....	1 1
H. Bartlett, Hamilton, Ont., b m Lady Washington, by Bacon, dam Maiden.....	3 2
Fred Lloyd, Vicksburg, Miss., b s Capt. Hutchinson, by Voucher, dam by Zero.....	2 3
A. M. Burton, Nashville, Tenn., ch s Jack Fraist, by Jack Malone, dam Kitty Puryear.....	dr
O. P. Chaney, Canal Winchester, O., b s Enterprise, by imp Hurrah, dam Emily's Paton.....	dr
T. G. Bacon, Saratoga, N. Y., br s Granger, by imp Ayrgarth, dam by Charley Ball.....	dr

Time: 1.45½, 1.43¾.

THIRD DAY—SUMMARY.

CLEVELAND CLUB, Cleveland, O., July 30, 1874.—Purse \$2000, for 2.40 class; \$1000 to first, \$500 to second, \$300 to third, \$200 to fourth.

Ewing & Williams b m Nashville Girl.....	6 2 1 1 1
Abner Rush g g Magnolia.....	1 1 9 7 5
S. A. Browne blk m Lady Turpin.....	5 3 2 3 2
Hays Bros. b m Lady Hays.....	4 8 4 2 3
M. J. Gallivan b g Major Root.....	2 6 5 5 4
Ira M. Nye g m Mambrino Kate.....	8 9 6 4 6
N. D. Graff s g Tearaway.....	9 10 7 6 7
Jas. McKeon c g Reserve.....	3 5 8 8 dr
A. M. Wilson br g Frank.....	7 4 10 dr
J. K. S. Perry b g Philadelphia Boy.....	11 dis

Time: 2.27¾, 2.26¾, 2.27½, 2.28½, 2.30½.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$5000, for horses that never beat 2.26; \$3000 to first, \$1250 to second, \$750 to third.

J. Pridgeon, Detroit, b g Fred Hooper.....	1 1 2 1
Nye & Foster, Flint, Mich., c s Mambrino Gift.....	2 2 1 3
T. T. Oliver, Cincinnati, ch g Thomas L. Young.....	5 5 3 2
J. F. Merrow, Boston, g g Royal John.....	3 3 4 4
William Lovell, New York, br g Barney Kelly.....	4 4 5 5
James Dougrey, Jr., Troy b g Joker.....	dr

Time: 2.23½, 2.23, 2.26½, 2.27¾.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$800, Running \$480 to first; \$200 to second, \$120 to third; mile heats 3 in 5.

H. Bartlett, Hamilton, Ont., b m Lady Washington.....	3 3 1 1 1
Blandy & Son, Zanesville, O., c s Tom Boston.....	1 1 3 2 2
Fred Lloyd, Vicksburg, Miss., b s Port Leonard.....	4 4 4 r o
John Fletcher, Steubenville, O., s s.....	5 5 2 r o
L. Ostrom, Barrie, Ont., ch s Spendthrift.....	2 dr
Z. B. Johnson, Alliance, O., s s Planter.....	6 dis
T. G. Bacon, Saratoga, N. Y., br s Granger.....	dis

Time: 1.44½, 1.43¾, 1.45, 1.47½, 1.44½.

FOURTH DAY—SUMMARY.

CLEVELAND CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio, July 31.—Purse \$3500, for horses that have never beaten 2.31; \$2,100 to the first, \$875 to the second, \$525 to the third.

W. L. Simmons, New York, b s Kansas Chief.....	5 1 1 1
Ben Mace, New York, br g James Howell, Jr.....	1 2 2 3
M. Goodin, Philadelphia, b g Stewart Maloney.....	4 4 4 2
A. Wells, Loskey, Ont., c m Kitty Wells.....	10 6 6 4
C. G. Green, Babylon, N. Y., g m Fleety Golddust.....	2 3 3 5
Wier & Brown, Greenville, Pa., b s Captain.....	7 5 7 6
William Almer, Philadelphia, br m Dinah.....	8 7 8 7
J. H. Williams, Toledo, O., b g Fancy Fair.....	9 9 9 8
John Murphy, New York, Lady Dahlman.....	8 8 10 9
E. A. Lytle, Pittsburgh, r g Slow Go.....	3 10 5 10
J. Leedorn, Erie, Pa., b m Effie.....	dr

Time: 2.27½, 2.24½, 2.26, 2.30¾.

SUMMARY:

Purse, \$6000, for horses that have never beaten 2.20; \$3,000 to the first, \$1500 to the second, \$900 to the third.

J. E. Turner, Philadelphia, b m Nettle.....	5 3 1 1 1
J. S. Wade, Rushville, Ind., b g Red Cloud.....	2 1 4 4 2
A. Goldsmith, Blooming Grove, N. Y., b g Gloster.....	1 2 2 3 4
Ben Mace, New York, b g Sensation.....	3 5 3 2 3
E. Vanness, Chicago, b g St. James.....	2 5 dr
Dan Mace, New York, b g Henry.....	dr
J. F. Merrow, Boston, blk g Camors.....	dis
C. S. Green, Babylon, N. Y., b m Gazelle.....	dis

Time: 2.20½, 2.20½, 2.21½, 2.25½, 2.25.

SUMMARY—RUNNING.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$1200, running dash of two miles; \$720 to first, \$300 to second, \$180 to third.

A. M. Burton, Nashville, Tenn., ch s Jack Frost.....	1
T. G. Bacon, Saratoga, N. Y., br s Granger.....	2
O. P. Chaney, Canal Winchester, O., b s Bill Wiggins.....	3
E. Bartlett, Hamilton, Ont., b m Lady Washington.....	4
Fred Lloyd, Vicksburg, Miss., b s Port Leonard.....	5
H. Blandy & Son, Zanesville, O., c s Tom Boston.....	6
W. P. Burch, South Carolina, br g Jim Alexander.....	7
Fred Lloyd, Vicksburg, Miss., b s Capt. Hutchinson.....	8
L. Ostrom, Barrie, Ont., ch s Spendthrift.....	dr

Time: 3.33½.

INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK.

SUMMARY.

ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1874.—Purse \$3000; \$1500 to first, \$750 to second, \$500 to third, \$250 to the fourth.

Mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness.....	1 1 1
Jas. Dougrey's g g Ben Smith.....	2 2 3
D. Jenkins' g g White Cloud.....	4 3 2
E. Moses' b g H. C. Hill.....	3 4 4
L. B. Bartholomew' e g Bill Paver.....	5 dis
Dan Mace's b g Arthur.....	dr
Seth T. Bane's b m Lady Alice.....	dr
Herbert & Sherwood's bl m Maggie Casey.....	dr

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	.37	1.15	2.29
Second heat.....	.36½	1.15½	2.30¾
Third heat.....	.37½	1.14½	2.30

SECOND RACE—SUMMARY.

Purse, \$4500, for horses that have never beaten 2.24; \$2000 to the first, \$1250 to the second, \$800 to the third, and \$450 to the fourth.

Joseph Harker's b m Lulu.....	1 1 1
A. Brown's b g Derby.....	2 2 2
Dan Mace's ch g Triumph.....	3 3 3
Thos. O'Connor's b g George.....	dis
Jas. S. Rowell's g m Badger Girl.....	dis

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	.35½	1.10	2.21
Second heat.....	.37	1.12	2.24½
Third heat.....	.34½	1.09	2.16¾

SUMMARY.

ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1874.—Purse \$1500, for horses that have never beaten 2.45; \$700 to the first, \$350 to the second, \$250 to third, and \$150 to the fourth.

B. H. Democrat ch g Unknown.....	3 1 1 1
L. Benham's ch g Condit Smith.....	1 2 2 2
Dan Jenkin's ch m Susan.....	2 3 3
A. Goldsmith's g g Rescue.....	dr
D. Mahoney's g g Tom Collins.....	dr

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	.38½	1.19½	2.36¾
Second heat.....	.39	1.17½	2.35
Third heat.....	.37	1.16	2.35
Fourth heat.....	.37½	1.15½	2.34½

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$5000, for horses that have never beaten 2.29; \$2500 to the first, \$1250 to the second, \$800 to the third, \$450 to the fourth.

J. M. French's bl m Cosette.....	1 1 1
Knapp & Henderson's b m Lady Star.....	3 2 3
Owner's b m Nellie Irwin.....	5 6 2
J. A. Batchelor's b g John H.....	2 3 3
D. Mahoney's s g Tom Walters.....	4 4 4
M. Hoag's b m Guinare.....	6 5 5
John Demas' Mollie.....	dr

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	.37 1-2	1.16	2.34 1-2
Second heat.....	.36	1.13 1-4	2.25 3-4
Third heat.....	.36 1-2	1.14	2.25 1-2

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$5000; \$2500 to first, \$1500 to second, \$1000 to the third, with \$1000 additional to the horse that beats Goldsmith Maid's time of 2.15 1-2.

Budd Doble's b m Goldsmith Maid.....	1 1 1
Ben Mace's ch g Judge Fullerton.....	3 2 2
William Lovell's b m American Girl.....	2 3 3
Dan Mace's b g Henry.....	dr

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	.33 3-4	1.08 1-2	2.19 1-2
Second heat.....	.33 1-4	1.06 1-2	2.14 3-4
Third heat.....	.34	1.08 3-4	2.19 3-4

SUMMARY:

ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1874.—Purse \$4000 for horses that have never beaten 2.31. \$1750 to first, \$1150 to second, \$700 to third, and \$400 to the fourth.

Thos. White's b m Nellie Irwin.....	1	1	5	1
Ben Mace's b g James Howell.....	5	4	1	2
Wm. Amers' r m Dinah.....	4	3	3	3
Knapp & Henderson's b m Lady Star.....	2	2	2	4
John Murphy's b m Lady Dahlman.....	3	5	4	5
M. Hoag's b m Gulnare.....	6	6	dis	
Jas. Dougrey's g g Ben Smith.....	dr			

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	36 3-4	1.11	2.25
Second heat.....	36 1-4	1.13	2.27
Third heat.....	36 1-2	1.12 3-4	2.26 1-2
Fourth heat.....	36 3-4	1.14	2.29

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$6000, for horses that have never beaten 2.20; \$2750 to the first, \$1650 to second, \$1100 to third, and \$500 to the fourth.

A. Goldsmith's b g Gloster.....	0	1	1	1
J. S. Wade's b g Red Cloud.....	0	2	2	2
F. Van Ness' b g St. James.....	4	5	3	3
Ben Mace's b g Sensation.....	3	3	4	4
Jos. Harker's b m Gazelle.....	5	4	dis	
J. F. Merron's blk g Camors.....	dis			
Dan Mace's b g Hentry.....	dr			

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35	1.08 1-2	2.18
Second heat.....	34 1-4	1.08 1-2	2.17 3-4
Third heat.....	34 1-2	1.08 1-2	2.17
Fourth heat.....	34 1-2	1.09	2.19

SUMMARY:

ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, ROCHESTER, Aug. 15th, 1874.—Purse \$6000, for horses that have never beaten 2.26; \$2750 to the first, \$1650 to second, \$1100 to third, and \$600 to the fourth.

Nye & Foster's ch s Mambrino Gift, Flint, Mich.....	1	1	1	1
W. E. Week's g g Tanner Boy, Newburgh, N.Y.....	4	2	2	2
Dan Jenkin's g s Joe Brown, Glen's Falls.....	2	4	3	
Jas. Dougrey, b g Joker, Troy, N. Y.....	5	5	4	
Capt. Pridgeon's b g Fred Hooper, Detroit.....	3	3	dis	
Wm. Lovell's b g Barney Kelly, New York.....	6	dis		
J. T. Merron's g g Royal John, Boston.....	dr			
Dan Mace's b m Blanche, New York.....	dr			

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35	1.10 1-2	2.21
Second heat.....	35	1.10	2.20
Third heat.....	35 1-2		2.23

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY, ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Purse \$2500; for horses that have never beaten 2.38; \$1200 to the first, \$700 to the second, \$400 to the third, and \$200 to the fourth.

W. E. Week's b g Frank Wood.....	6	1	1	0	1
J. D. Benton's b g J. D. Benton.....	2	2	2	0	2
R. Patterson, Jr.'s b m Bell Brassfield.....	1	5	4	5	4
J. M. Nye's g m Mambrino Kate.....	3	3	6	3	6
Dan Jenkins' b m Kitty Cook.....	4	6	3	6	5
J. E. Moses' b g H. C. Hill.....	7	7	5	4	3
Hays Brother's b m Lady Hayes.....	5	7	dr		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Miles.
First heat.....	38	1.15 1-2	2.30
Second heat.....	36 1-4	1.11 1-2	2.24
Third heat.....	36 1-2	1.12	2.25 1-2
Fourth heat.....	37	1.12 3-4	2.26 1-4
Fifth heat.....	36 1-2	1.11	2.24 1-2

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING, UTICA, N. Y.

SUMMARY:

UTICA DRIVING PARK, UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1874.—Purse \$3000, for horses that have never beaten 2.34; \$1500 to first, \$750 to second, \$450 to third, \$300 to the fourth. Mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness.

W. J. Wadsworth's Monarch, Jr.....	1	1	1	
J. McKeon's Reserve.....	2	2	3	
A. M. Wilson's Frank.....	5	3	2	
A. Falk's Kitty D.....	3	8	5	
Tom Carpenter's Commodore Perry.....	8	4	4	
J. Goff's Lady Wood.....	4	7	8	
G. Walker's Lady Annie.....	7	5	7	
F. M. Wetherbee's Jean Ingelow.....	6	6	6	
A. DeGraff's Tearaway.....	dis			

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	37	1.13 1-2	2.27
Second heat.....	37	1.11	2.25 1-2
Third heat.....	37	1.12 3-4	2.26 1-4

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$4000, for horses that have never beaten 2.24; \$2000 to the first horse, \$1000 to the second, \$600 to the third, and \$400 to the fourth.

H. C. Goodrich's Bodine, Chicago.....	1	1	1	
W. B. Smith's Thomas Jefferson, Hartford, Conn.....	2	4	2	
Tom Carpenter's Susie, Medford, Mass.....	4	2	3	
M. Roden's Castle Boy, New York.....	3	3	4	

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35 1-2	1.11	2.21 1-2
Second heat.....	36	1.10 1-4	2.23 1-4
Third heat.....	37	1.14 1-2	2.26 1-2

SUMMARY:

UTICA DRIVING PARK, UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1874.—Purse \$1500 for horses that have never beaten 2.45. \$750 to first, \$375 to second, \$225 to third, \$150 to the fourth.

S. F. Twitchell's b g Wellsly Boy.....	2	3	2	1	1	1
Abner Rush's gr g Magnolia.....	1	2	1	5	3	2
M. J. Galivan's br g Major Root.....	4	1	4	3	4	3
Henry Casey's ru m Rosa Sonburg.....	3	4	3	2	4	
F. J. Nodine's b m Volunteer Maid.....	7	5	4	5	5	
T. T. Oliver's s g T. J. Stephens.....	5	6	dr			
George W. Fitzwater's g g Filbert.....	6	dis				

Time: 2.28, 2.27, 2.30, 2.32, 2.29, 2.26½.

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$5000 for horses that have never beaten 2.29; \$2500 to the first, \$1250 to second, \$750 to the third, and \$500 to the fourth.

Chas. S. Green's ch m Fleety Goldust.....	8	1	1	1	
Owner's b m Music.....	1	2	3	3	
C. M. Bliven's sp g Spotted Colt.....	2	4	5	5	
Mr. Goodin's b g Stewart Maloney.....	6	5	4	2	
Owner's b g George H. Mitchell.....	3	7	6	6	
Owner's b m Lady Byron.....	4	6	7	4	
H. S. Russell's b s Smuggler.....	7	8	2	dr	
Owner's b s Everett Ray.....	5	3	8	dr	
F. J. Nodin's b s Hamperion.....	9	dr			

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35 1-2	1.10 1-2	2.22 1-4
Second heat.....	35 1-2	1.09 1-2	2.22 1-2
Third heat.....	35	1.08 1-2	2.23
Fourth heat.....	36 1-4	1.10	2.27

SUMMARY:

UTICA DRIVING PARK, UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1874.—Purse \$3000, for horses that have never beaten 2.38. \$1500 to the first, \$750 to the second, \$450 to the third, \$300 to the fourth.

Ewing & Williams' Nashville Girl.....	1	1	1	
James McKeon's Reserve.....	2	6	2	
Dr. L. Simmon's Bella.....	6	2	3	
N. DeGraff's Tearaway.....	3	4	5	
A. M. Wilson's Frank.....	4	5	4	
G. B. Goff's Lady Woods.....	5	3	6	
F. J. Nodine's Hampton.....	8	7	dis	
S. F. Twitchell's Kittie.....	7	dis		
G. W. Fitzwater's Hunter.....	dis			
Edward Marsh's George Judd, of Chicago.....	dr			

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	38	1.15	2.31
Second heat.....	37	1.13½	2.28½
Third heat.....	36½	1.10½	2.25

SUMMARY:

SAME DAY.—Purse \$5000 for horses that have never beaten 2.26; \$2500 to the first, \$1250 to second, \$750 to third, \$500 to the fourth.

Charles S. Green's Lucille Goldust, from Babylon, L. I.....	1	2	1	1	
J. G. Fletcher's Commodore, Newburg.....	3	1	3	3	
T. T. Oliver's Thomas L. Young, Cincinnati.....	2	4	2	2	
A. W. Wilson's Grace, Cleveland.....	4	3	dis		
R. P. White's Buzz, Adams.....	5	5	dis		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat.....	35½	1.11	2.25
Second heat.....	36½	1.12	2.25
Third heat.....	35½	1.10½	2.22½
Fourth heat.....	35½	1.10	2.22½

UTICA DRIVING PARK, UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1874.—Purse \$3500 for horses that have never beaten 2.31; \$1750 to first, \$875 to second, \$525 to third, \$350 to the fourth.

W. A. Simmons' Kansas Chief.....	1	1	1	
M. Goodin's Stewart Maloney.....	2	2	2	
Alb Wells' Kitty Wells.....	4	3	7	
H. A. Howe's George B Daniels.....	8	8	3	
J. Jameson's Anna.....	5	5	4	
R. P. Stetson's Susie Kurby.....	7	7	5	
B. Wilson's Carrie.....	6	6	6	
C. W. Mitchell's George H. Mitchell, of Saratoga.....	3	4	dis	
J. H. Williams' Vanity Fair.....	5	9	dis*	

(Concluded under Turf Notes, page 223.)

Yachting and Rowing.

THE SPRING LAKE REGATTA.

The following is an account of the regatta, with names of boats and crews participating:

The first day's racing took place Aug. 12th, in the afternoon. Weather fine, light breeze, and smooth water until towards the last of the races, when it was slightly rough. Several thousand people were present, and the racing was considered fine. The course was a splendid one for all racers: 1 mile and return, except the six-oared, which was 1 1/2 miles and return.

First race.—Senior double sculls, three entries, two started. The Chicago Scullers' boat Beauty, Frank E. Yates, stroke; W. B. Curtis, bow. Chicago Athletic Club, E. P. Ferry, F. A. Williams, stroke; P. A. Allcock, bow. Spring Lake Club ruled out on account of one of the members being disqualified. First gun, to get into position, was fired at 3:12. Second gun, for readiness, at 3:22, and the starting gun at 3:27.

The Athletics took the inside, and the boats started together; the Scullers pulling 34, and the Athletics 32 strokes per minute. The Athletics gained a little to the mile turn, pulling 29 to the Scullers' 31, and continued, turning the mile stake first, but lost coming home. At the half mile they were even; the Athletics pulling 32 to the Scullers' 36, the Scullers a length ahead. They kept this lead, both pulling 32 strokes on the last quarter; the Scullers pulling 31, a length and a half ahead. The Athletics then spurred to 40 strokes, and closed the gap to one length, and in this position crossed the line. Sculler's time 15:27; Athletics 15:30. The race was a fine one, the boats keeping well together; the Scullers, apparently, only trying to lead the other boat, and not doing their best.

Second race.—Six oared shell; three entries. Grand River Boat Club, Lansing, Mich., D. W. Buck, R. J. Shank, stroke; A. H. Dane, W. E. Crossitt, G. D. Graham, E. F. Cadey, L. H. Briggs, bow; Harry Mertcall, coxswain. Detroit Boat Club, Detroit, Mich.; Phillip Porter, stroke; J. Craig, W. H. Allen, B. B. Mitchell, Jno. Wilby, Fred Wilby, bow; Excelsior Boat Club, Detroit, Emily R. Russell; W. B. Isbell, stroke; S. Campbell, L. H. Baldwin, James Johnson, H. J. Armstrong, F. D. Standish, bow. The first gun was fired at 3:41; the second at 3:51, and the boats started at 4:04. Positions.—The Russell, choice, inside; the Enid, two; the Buck, outside. There was a good start off, the Russell pulled forty strokes, the Enid and the Buck thirty-eight.

On the turn the Russell was a little ahead, the Enid next; time, 9:47 each, when they straightened out for home. The Buck turned in 11:20. The Russell on this gained rapidly, with a lead of two boat-lengths at the mile stakes, crossing the line three and a half lengths ahead, amid hearty cheers, pulling forty strokes; the Enid thirty-nine strokes. Time, 18:58 for the Russell, 19:51 for the Enid, and the Buck crossed the line pulling twenty-nine strokes in 21:29.

The third race was for barges, with three entries, of which two started. Handicap, Farragut Club, Chicago, Ada M. Boyden; A. P. Downs, stroke; F. Billings, H. S. Smith, C. P. Downs, bow. Grand River Boat Club, W. A. Barnard; R. J. Shanks, stroke; A. H. Dane, W. E. Carroll, S. D. Gorham, C. B. Kingsley, E. F. Cooley, M. J. Buck, L. B. Briggs, bow; T. F. Westcott, coxswain. The Farragut Club was allowed forty seconds on handicap. They had the best boat, a fine model, almost as fast as a shell. First gun 4:33, second gun 4:51, and the boats started at 5:11. The Farraguts took the lead, pulling about 38 to the minute. The Lansings turned the mile first, and continued to lead, gaining slowly, and crossed the line in 14:05; the Farragut's time was 14:26. A difficulty arose on the return of boats, and was only quieted by being referred to the judges. They decided according to the rules of the N. A. R. A., thus giving the Farraguts an easy victory, in whose favor the race was decided, though under protest.

The fourth race was for junior single sculls, with five entries, all of which started: Chicago Scullers, Chicago, John Edlemann; Excelsior Boat Club, Detroit, Fred Willey; Pilot Rowing Club, Grand Haven, T. A. Williams; Spring Lake Boat Club, H. W. Pearson. This was the best race of all, being the most interesting and exciting. First gun was fired at 5:26, the second at 5:45, and the boats started at 6. A foul occurred between Edlemann and Williams in the start. Edlemann was ruled out, though the foul was undoubtedly Williams' fault, as his boat drifted into Edlemann's water. Willey caught a crab at the half mile, and upset. Pearson crossed the line one boat length ahead, time 15:45, Standish second, and Williams third. This is Pearson's first race, and has gained him many friends.

Second day opened cloudy, but cleared off with fine clear weather and smooth water. The Lansing crew entered a protest against the judges' decision of yesterday, with regard to the barge race, but after some discussion, the judges determined to stand by their decision.

First race, senior, single sculls; two miles and turn, all started. The contestants were William B. Curtis, Chicago Scullers; T. A. Allcock, Chicago Athletic Club; and Frank E. Yates, Grand Traverse Boat Club. The boats started at 8:36 o'clock, and reached home amidst the greatest excitement. Yates five lengths ahead, Curtis next, and

Allcock last, six lengths in the rear. Time, 14:38 1-2, for Yates; 14:58 1-2 for Curtis. Allcock came in about 16:16, though no official time was given.

The second race was for duck boats, one-half mile and return. All started at 4:31 o'clock. The entries were W. D. Grant, Charles Goff, Wally Wallace, Charles Laing, James Welch, John Goff, and Joe Kirkland. In the choice of positions, Welch was first. Grant second, Wallace third, Kirkland fourth, John Goff fifth, Charles Goff sixth, Laing seventh. The race was won by Laing, time 10:38 1-2; Charles Goff, second, 11:24; Grant, third, 11:42. The most exciting and the finest race rowed was for four-oared shells, one mile and return; three entries and two started, the Excelsior Boat Club, of Detroit, and the Spring Lake Boat Club, of Spring Lake. The boats started at 5:10. The Hare (Spring Lake) won by two lengths; time 12:51; Abbott, (Detroit) 12:55.

In the grand review the prizes were awarded to the eight-oared barge of the Grand River Club, Lansing. The crew were dressed in blue sailor suits. Senator T. W. Ferry, in a highly complimentary address, presented the prizes to the winning contestants, in the park opposite the Cutler House, at 7:30 P. M.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Farragut Boat Club took place August 10, at the residence of Mr. J. G. Shortall. The attendance was comparatively small, as two crews were absent. Mr. W. L. Pretymann was elected a member of the Club, and the application of Robert Pierre was referred to the Committee on Admission. The president was instructed to appoint a committee to revise the constitution and by-laws of the Club; also to make arrangements for the formation of a glee club. The four-oared barge Ada M. Boyden has been entered in the regatta races at Spring Lake. The crew is as follows:

C. S. Downs, 128 lbs., bow; H. P. Smith, 130 lbs., No. 2; Frank H. Billings, 128 lbs., No. 3; A. O. Downs, 137 lbs., stroke.

The colors of the Farragut crew are cherry and white. This Club has been unanimously elected members of the North-western Amateur Boating Association.

THE Goodwin Cup, which was first offered by Queen Victoria for an international yacht race off Cowes, England, and which was won by the American yacht Silvia, Mr. Goodwin, of New York, owner, and recently given by Mr. G. to the International Yacht Club of the Lakes, was raced for at Detroit, Aug. 10, on Lake St. Clair, by K. C. Barker's Cora of this city,—its present holder,—and the Annie Cuthbert, of Coburg, Ont. The wind was light, and no fast time was made. The Cuthbert had 3 1/2 minutes start, and at the turning stake boat was 31 minutes, and at the finish 33 minutes. She allowed the Cora 5 min, 20 sec., which made her winning time 24 minutes and 10 seconds. She sailed the entire 30 miles in 5 hours and 24 minutes. This gives the Cup to Coburg subject to all challenges.

The Cora is a New York built boat, and was intended to sweep the Lakes; while the Cuthbert is Canadian built. The result of the race surprised many.

SECOND annual regatta of the New Dominion Rowing Club, took place at Toronto, on July 16th. About four o'clock the second-class sculls started. Below is an analysis of races and competing crews.

Second class sculls, two miles—R. Tinning and C. Nurse. Tinning first; time 20:00. Very rough water.

First class fours, four miles—Pittsburgh crew, J. Kirsh, P. Neely, A. Hopkins, P. Luther, stroke No. 1. Buffalo crew, C. Donovan, P. Hurly, W. Jones, J. Donovan, stroke No. 2. Toronto crew, A. Elliott, W. McCann, J. Douglass, H. Coulter, stroke No. 3. Time, 25:38.

Second class double sculls, two miles—G. M. Donnelly, S. Williams, No. 1; R. Tinning, C. Nurse, No. 2. Time, 15:07.

First class sculls, two miles—P. Luther, No. 1; T. Londen, No. 2; H. Coner, R. Berry. Time, 13:37.

First class double sculls, two miles—J. F. Scholes, W. MacCann, No. 1; J. Douglass, T. Londen, No. 2; A. Elliott, R. Berry, No. 3. Time, 13:45.

THE cruise of the New York Yacht Club, was one of the brightest events of the season. A race was made of the run to Newport, R. I., the Magic arriving first, Rambler second, Dauntless third, Wanderer fourth, and Phantom fifth. All the above arrived and anchored within four minutes. Close work.

THE handicap race, arranged for Tuesday, was a failure, as there was no wind and a heavy fog. It was sailed on Wednesday. Wind moderate from southwest; and fair weather.

The schooners, Wanderer, Magic and Rambler; and the sloops, Vision, Arrow, Gracie and Vindex, started. The Magic won the prize for schooners, and Gracie that for sloops.

A regatta of the Saratoga Rowing Association, comes off on Lake Saratoga, August 28th, 29th and 31st. This is the second annual regatta.

SECOND annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, at Troy, N. Y., on September 3rd and 4th.

It has been decided by the Halifax Rowing Club, that Geo. Brown shall challenge Sadier, the English champion sculler, to a five mile race, one turn, for \$5,000, to be rowed on any water except the Thames River.

NEARLY sixty of our most beautiful yachts were present in Newport, on Monday.

ONLY four yachts started in the Corinthian race, the Idler, Azalia, Foam, and Tempest. The Idler came in first.

THE owner of the American schooner yacht *Enchantress*, has challenged any member of any yacht club in Europe to sail with him, over the Prince of Wales' Cup course, for a cup valued at 100 guineas, in July next.

NEGOTIATIONS have been entered into by the Analostans and Potomacs, for a race between the four oared and six oared shells, and single sculls of the respective clubs. The Analostan four are out daily and show the effect of the good training they have had. Their usual afternoon pull is to the Table Rock and return. The crew is Brown, Prescott, Bailey, and Cumberland.

The Potomacs are also taking advantage of the fair weather, and their four, Coughlin, McBlair, Jones, and Truax, push their boat through the water at a rapid rate.

The junior crew of the Potomacs, Nicholson, Wheatley, Godsby and Bestor, are in training for their race with all the other crews of the club under twenty-one years of age.

The membership of the Analostan club has increased to such an extent, that they have found it necessary to enlarge their boat house. The extension will be made immediately.

Many yachts around the river front are being railed up and down the river, preparing for a sailing regatta in the fall.

Bat and Ball.

THE AMATEUR TOURNAMENT AT PEORIA.

THE UNIQVES of Chicago, and the Nationals of Peoria, played a game at the latter place, on August 12th, resulting in a victory for Chicago—score, 33 to 1.

The White Stockings of Monmouth, won a game with the Nameless of Peoria—score, 36 to 34; and the Stars of Pekin, also beat the Nationals of Peoria, by a score of 36 to 31. All the above games were played on the same day.

There were at least 2,000 people on the grounds. On the 13th the weather was much cooler than yesterday. The Uniques of Chicago, added another game to their list of victories this morning, by defeating the White Stockings of Monmouth—score, 39 to 36. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Nameless of Peoria, beat the Havanas of Havana, 62 to 25; and at 7 o'clock, the Socials of Chicago, had used up the Peorias of this city, by a score of 40 to 6.

The Uniques (colored) of Chicago, and the Socials, also of Chicago, played for first money, and the championship of the State, Aug. 14th, and the Socials came out ahead by a score of 30 to 16. The Uniques then played the Nameless of Peoria, for the second prize, which they captured by a score of 27 to 18.

In throwing, William B. Foley, of the Socials, took the prize, throwing the ball 289 feet, 3 inches.

James Howitt, of the Nameless, ran around the bases in 16.1-2 seconds, taking the prize offered for that specialty.

THE MUTUALS of New York, and the Westerns of Keokuk, Iowa, played a game in the latter city, on August 14, resulting in a victory for the Mutuals—score, 12 to 1. There were between 2,000 and 3,000 spectators, and the game was marked by some splendid fielding by the Westerns.

THE MUTUALS of New York, played a game with the Mutuals of Jackson, Michigan, on the 10th, which was won by the New Yorkers. Score, 21 to 6. It was a poor game on both sides.

THE PHILADELPHIAS and Hartfords played a game on the 10th, in Hartford, Connecticut, which resulted in a victory for the Hartford boys. Following is the score:

	Innings,—1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Hartfords,.....	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—6
Philadelphias,.....	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—3

The game was not noted for any very brilliant playing, or any very bad; it was a fair game on both sides.

THE MUTUALS of Janesville, Wisconsin, defeated the Fort Atkinsons of Wis., on the 14th, by a score of 16 to 7.

The American Ball Clubs, Athletics of New York, and Red Stockings of Boston, are creating a great deal of interest in English sporting circles. Their fielding is very much admired. Twenty-two of them beat an English eleven at Lords, at cricket.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., has a base ball club now, which Springfield boys say, is able to compete with the best amateur clubs of the West. Perhaps so. The name of the new club, is the Liberty Base Ball Club, and they have defeated the Blue Stockings of Carlinville, by a score of 28 to 11.

THERE was a grand International pigeon shoot, at Deauville, France, on August 10th, 12th, 13th and 15th.

The Kennel.

OUR SPANIELS.

The Spaniel, as a sporting dog, is not used as much as it would be, if more generally known. It is a dog which, when properly broken, affords a great deal of sport, and in a heavily wooded country, or one thickly interspersed with briars, would fill the bag far more successfully than the Setter. I am speaking now of quail, not of cock. If Spaniels were more generally used we should not be apt to see in the papers so many inquiries as to whether quail withhold their scent or not, for once a bevy found and marked the Spaniel would never miss one, scent or no scent, as he is a most indefatigable hunter, and does not miss one inch of ground in a circle of twenty-five yards round the shooter. It is, one might almost say, another kind of sport, for it keeps a man continually on the *qui vive*. With the Setter we have time, if we choose, to smoke a cigar or eat our lunch, if we take any, and then saunter up and take a pot shot at any bird we may fancy as they fly off whether we bag it or not, but with the Spaniel we have to be always on the watch, no time there to put your pipe or cigar the other side of your mouth to allow of your gun coming up comfortably to your shoulder, but one yelp right or left, perhaps at your back, as the case may be, a whirr-r-r and presto! gone—may be in your bag, may be not. It takes a much better shot to kill a quail to a Spaniel, than to a Setter, for with the Spaniel the bird does not fly off as leisurely as he has a chance to do with the Setter, but goes 2:40 from the start. It certainly is not the dog for gentlemen sportsmen who are fond of their ease even in their sports, who think they ought to be able to sit on the fence while their dogs go happy—go lucky—all over the field, and come out of it to repeat the performance elsewhere, or even for one who prefers riding on horse-back so that his dogs may range over a wide space of country, missing and leaving perhaps a dozen bevs behind him, that he has passed may be within twenty yards of, but for one who loves being with his dogs and having them under good control, it is a glorious sport, and for a big bag except in a very open country. I believe the Spaniel will hold his own, and with a good shot generally beat the Setter, for once find a bevy and it is virtually your own, for wherever a rabbit can go a Spaniel can, and I will venture to say that if anybody goes once after a brace of well broken Sussex or blunder Spaniels he will want to go again.

To sum up it requires well broken dogs, a fair sprinkling of game, a knowledge of their haunts, and a good shot to thoroughly enjoy the sport of shooting over Spaniels. Long may they flourish.

RETRIEVERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD AND STREAM.—Allow me to say a word on the "retriever" controversy. My experience in shooting over dogs began many years ago, at the Military parks in the north-west. I know that the opinion was then entertained by some of the best and most experienced sportsmen, that retrieving unfitted the pointer or setter, to some degree, for his other work. I remember that one reason given was, that the nose of the dog, in the act of fetching, became filled with the scent of the bird, so as to be less sensitive to that of living game. This may be fanciful, and against it will undoubtedly be urged the instances in which a dog has stopped and pointed fresh game with a dead bird in his mouth. I think it might be quite possible that a dog should do this, under favorable circumstances, and yet the objection I mention, be a valid one. I can well believe that a dog with a dead bird in his mouth might not perceive a scent which otherwise he would notice at once—and thus the dulling effect upon his nose might remain for a good while sufficiently strong to obscure a faint scent from fresh birds. At any rate, this was the opinion of good sportsmen in the old days, and I am of the opinion that all who can afford themselves the luxury of a retriever, pure and simple, had better do so, and keep their pointers and setters to their proper work, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidem*"—Jack of all trades, &c., &c. All which I submit in no dogmatic spirit, and without being unduly set in regard to the point. Q?

MR. EDWARD W. HOPE, of "Biverview," La Grange, Mo., writes us that he is willing to back a certain dog in his kennel to find more quail than any dog in the State of Illinois to the tune of \$50 a side, play or pay; counting every covey found as five birds, and deducting for mistakes, flushing and bad manners in the field.

About Town.

THE THEATRES.

CHICAGO.

ONE theatrical opening has marked the week, and shown that the dramatic season is close at hand. Managers are busy and hopeful; scene-painters and property-men are hard at work; artists are studying new parts and fitting themselves for new roles; and the thousand and one individuals who depend upon the activity of the great world of amusement, are beginning to wake from their summer sleep, and to brace themselves for the fall and winter campaign. We have had an unusual lack of the legitimate drama during the past few months, and are now prepared to give a genuine Chicago welcome to the new companies which our managers have gotten together, and to aid in making the coming dramatic season a decided and unqualified success.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Mr. McVicker is the first in the field this season, and opens with promise of prosperity and hopes based upon renewed vigor and ambition. The opening night was last Monday; the play "Civilization."

It is a drama of the romantic school, full of interest, and rich in sentiment. It is not a new piece, nor a French piece, although the scene is laid in France, and its dramatis personæ are Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. Its tone is lofty and pure, and its sentiment is unexceptional. It was splendidly mounted and well played; the cast being so even that there was nothing noticeable for criticism to carp at. It brought out the entire strength of McVicker's new company, which more than sustained the expectations we had been led to form of its general excellence. On Thursday night the romantic drama by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, entitled "Two Loves and a Life," was played. Next week we are promised Mr. Edwin Adams in a round of his favorite characters, commencing with "Hamlet." During his engagement, Mr. Adams will also appear in the French play entitled "The Dead Heart."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Schumann's Transatlantic Novelty Company has held the boards at this Theatre during the week, and has attracted large audiences. The entertainment is really first-class, but is of the kind which does not call for extended notice. Next week Oliver Dowd Byron will appear in his famous historical drama "Donald McKay." Great preparations have been made, and a really good company engaged for the occasion.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

The Adelphi Company, under Mr. Grover's management, close their season at this house to-night. Considering the heat, the business done has been actually astonishing. Nothing but the firmly established popularity of the Adelphi Company would or could have carried the enterprise through with the success which has attended it.

THE SEASON.

In our next issue we hope to be prepared to give our readers an outline of the good things in store for them during the coming dramatic season.

ELSEWHERE.

MR. TOOLE.

The horizon of an English actor's ambition has been immensely widened during the present century. His "public" is the largest in the world. It embraces two hemispheres, and makes a "provincial circuit" of the habitable globe. He is as much at home here, in the West, as amidst the thriving communities that sing "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," across the water. In the most literal sense, all the world's his stage. The last actor who has proved the truth of these generalities is Mr. J. L. Toole, who made his first appearance at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on Monday night, when he appeared as Mr. Hammond Coote in Mr. James Albery's three act drama of "Wig and Gown," and as Simmons in "The Weavers." He received a hearty ovation, and proved without doubt that he is a great artist, and that his popularity in England is by no means undeserved. He is coming to Chicago, during the fall season, and we doubt not that he will win sympathy and affection here, as he has won them elsewhere by his geniality, mirth, tenderness and kindly virtues.

MR. SOTHERN.

Mr. Sothorn sailed from New York on Saturday last, for England. He will play in England and Scotland for about ten months. Hereafter he proposes to travel to Australia by the overland route; to spend four months on that continent; to return to England and play a farewell engagement at the London Haymarket; and finally to come back to Chicago, for a home. Mr. Sothorn will thus have circled the globe with laughter; for, wherever he goes, mirth attends his footsteps and incessant pleasure is diffused around him.

IN BRIEF.

THE name of Mr. Daly's new play is "Jealousy." There are many subjects more cheerful and more cleanly, and it is a subject of which we should suppose that the community had by this time received a surfeit.

BOUCICAULT'S "Belle Lamar" has proved a great success in New York.

At Niblo's, one evening recently, when Catherine Gaunt presented to Father Francis a package of letters with the speech, "These will prove my innocence," a gallery god shouted shrilly, "Give 'em to Moulton!" Throughout the piece the audience seemed to cherish the idea that "Griffith Gaunt" was a play written on the Tilton-Beecher scandal.

BOUCICAULT says American theatres are infinitely superior to those of London and Paris.

THE Grand Opera House in New York remains closed, and there is no immediate prospect of its re-opening as a place of amusement.

THE following from the New York Tribune:

A performer named May Howard, purporting to come from the United States, has stolen a copy of Mr. Rowe's "Geneva Cross" produced the piece at Melbourne, Australia, and failed in it. Mr. Rowe recites the facts in a letter to the *Home News*,—published in London for circulation in the British Colonies—and adds these remarks, "I should not have cared to make this circumstance public, but it should be known in the colonies that it has become a recognized principle here, and in America, to pay the authors of plays and books for such productions,—and that, although there is no international copyright existing, the managers of theatres purchase those plays, even from the French authors, before they are adopted for the London and New York boards. Thus the prolific French drama is no longer ruthlessly plundered, and in other walks of literature the publishers pay the writers of nearly all nationalities."

MR. BEN DE BAR will reopen his theatre at St. Louis, next Monday, with Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."

MATILDA HERON reappears as an instructor of aspirants for stage honors.

BARRY SULLIVAN, the renowned tragedian, has been engaged by Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, to commence their season of 1875-6 at Booth's Theatre.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* relates an incident which took place in Covent Garden one evening last month. At the end of the opera, when, amid a hurricane of applause, Mlle. Albani was called before the curtain, a gentleman in the grand tier threw a bouquet and a box at the prima donna. The latter unluckily struck her in the centre of the forehead. The author of this calamity was observed to throw up his arms with a gesture of despair when he saw the lady place her hands on her forehead and retire to her private room. The restoration was a little assisted by the discovery that the guilty box, when opened, contained a tiara of splendid diamonds.

It is reported that Mr. Sims Reeves intends to retire from professional life.

The *Figaro* says: Miss Lydia Thompson, (Mrs. Henderson,) who has recently returned to England, after an absence of six months in America, will shortly make her reappearance at one of the London theatres, in conjunction with the principal members of her late American troupe, supplemented by a company specially selected for the production of comedy, opera-bouffe, and burlesque.

LOTTA revives her waning popularity in San Francisco, by promising the city a water fountain. Mr. Dillon, of Chicago, should take the hint.

BILLIARDS.

It is the intention of the THE FIELD to pay special attention to indoor sports and amusements, and though there is little of importance to chronicle this week, it naturally refers to the progress of "the gentleman's game." During the week billiards have been quiet in the city; and even our exchanges fail to furnish any respectable showing. This state of affairs, however, will not continue long. Ubassy and Maurice Vineaux sail from France next Tuesday, and after a series of exhibition games given in New York, promise to visit Chicago under the management of our veteran billiard manager, Mr. M. Geary. Garnier, Dion and other prominent billiardists promise to accompany them, and it is not unlikely that the season of 1874-5 will rival in brilliancy even that of last year.

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Will serve a few good mares, commencing August 1, 1874. Terms for this season \$50, when served.—next season, \$100 when served. Mares proved not with foal, served free the following season.

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